



Once upon a time...

GORDON A. BUBOLZ

His Life and Vision

CHRISTIAN LAYMAN • FAMILY MAN • BUSINESSMAN
STATESMAN • CONSERVATIONIST



Once Upon A Time . . .

GORDON A. BUBOLZ

His Life and Vision

- Christian Layman
- Family Man
- Businessman
- Statesman
- Conservationist

1905 - 1990

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Gordon's son Jerry remembering what his father passed on to him . . .

A Cherished Memory of Dad B.

I wonder if children, as they're growing up, have had this thought. I know I did.

As I was growing up I never thought my parents would grow old. Or to put it another way: "Show signs of old age." Especially Dad B.

Then one night a year ago last fall I went for a walk with Dad around River Drive, and I saw those signs . . . Dad's slow faltering steps. Then these words: "Jerry, please take my hand. I need your support just in case my legs might give out." I held his hand.

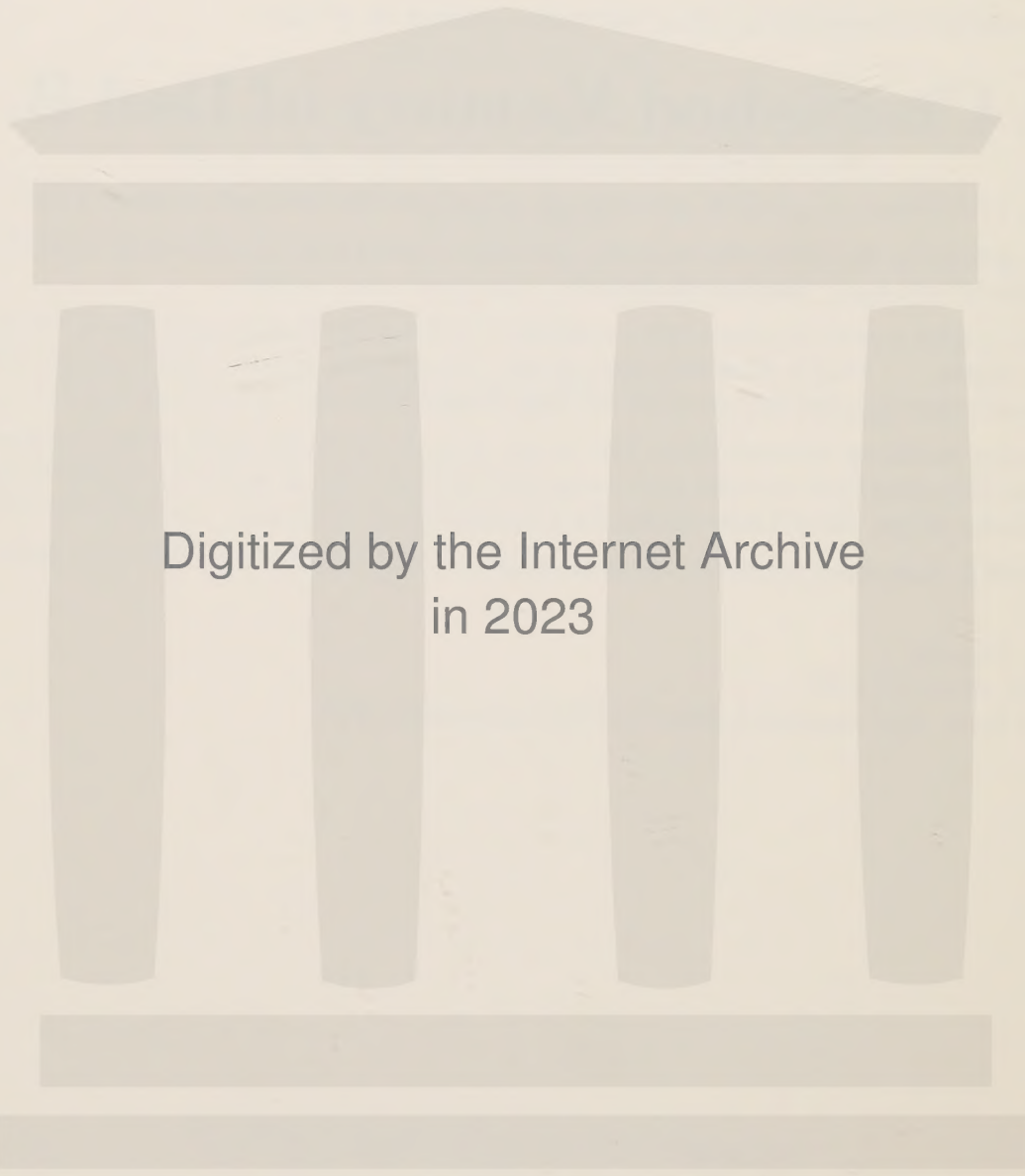
As we were walking around River Drive my memory took me back to my younger days when I was learning how to walk and I was taking Dad's hand as he was guiding my slow, faltering baby steps. Now I was doing for him what he did for me . . . only in reverse.

What Dad B. has done for me I can only pass on to my family that they may pass it on to theirs.

Jerry L. Bubolz

Summer, June 27, 1991

Revised from Red Journal I, Dec. 3, 1988; Lancaster, Ohio



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Acknowledgements

A debt of thanks is owed to the many wonderful people who joined with my husband, Gordon, in pursuing the goals he set for himself, the state, and the community. Whether they worked with him in the insurance industry, participated in his increasing efforts to preserve natural areas and clean up Wisconsin rivers, served with him as layman in the Northeast Wisconsin district of the American Lutheran Church, or assisted him with his political undertakings, all these people supported Gordon and participated in his passion for bettering the state, community and, therefore, mankind. Although too numerous to receive the individual recognition they deserve, each of these people has a special place in the history of this area as recorded in the archives of the many organizations of which Gordon was a part.

Our special thanks to Mary Ellen Ducklow for the biographical summaries which make up Part II of this book. After writing the manuscript of this book, Gordon asked Mary Ellen to interview the immediate family members, and the summaries she so professionally developed truly underscore Gordon's love of family.

No book such as this can move from manuscript to final edition without the tireless ded-

ication of a publisher and an editor. I am so grateful to Charles Spanbauer, of Palmer Publications, for his professional management of the myriad details required to bring this book to completion. Thank you also to Pat Wiggenghorn, of Professional Resources, for her professional writing, editing, and organizational abilities. Both had met with Gordon just two months before his death; we are grateful for their efforts to finish this book.

A special thanks to the grandchildren whose reminiscences bring alive Gordon's personality.

A debt of gratitude to the many employees and agents of Home Mutual, now Secura. They understood and supported the principle facets of his life—God, Family, and Country.

Thanks to Natural Areas Inc. and the many good folks at the Gordon Bubolz Nature Preserve, managed by Michael Brandel since it was established.

Finally, thanks to my son, G. Allen. The process of pulling all the loose ends together requires communication and personal involvement. He was always there for me to answer my questions, clear up any doubts I may have had regarding content, and handle some of the details.

For all this I am grateful.

**A Tribute
To
Gordon A. Bubolz**

In "His" big book, there'll be a page,
Written thereon one's name and age,
Showing thru life the things one's done,
Listing them each and every one.

When to your page He turns to find
"What did he do for all mankind?"
His eyes will glisten as He reads
That long list of your wondrous deeds.

Some will hear a special mark,
One of such, the "High Cliff Park."
Another for one and all to see,
To benefit youth, "A University."

A swimming hole for all to enjoy;
Man, woman, girl or boy.
Strengthening city and rural bond,
Appears the name, The Black Creek "Pond."

A retreat from pressures, strife and halls,
A restful place, the "Hayman Falls."
To restore one's soul, and peace of mind,
A finer place is hard to find.

In lettering big and bold and harsh;
Stands out the name of "Mukwa Marsh."
For fish and ducks and birds and game;
Another star beside your name.

Thus it reads, your page of deeds,
Of years of working for man's needs.
And all will see "His" eyebrows raise,
When saying, "Here's a man I praise."

For others, let these works be a guide
If they would sit here by my side;
Do not a little, but all you can
Not for yourself, but your Fellow Man.

Give him a star, one big and bright,
For all to see both day and night.
His deeds for man were truly great,
So, "Open Wide That Golden Gate."

"Mankind"—1965

By Gene Garrow, Fremont, Wisconsin.

Gene Garrow met Gordon in the late 1950's/early 1960's. When Gene moved to Fremont, Wisconsin, he and Gordon worked to form a committee to preserve the clean waters of the Wolf River. The effort led to the drive to clean up the badly polluted Fox River.

Mr. Garrow remembers: Rev. W.E. Lange had *A Tribute to Gordon A. Bubolz* lettered and framed to present at a three-day water conference at the Pioneer Inn, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. On the opening day of the conference, Rev. Lange placed the wrapped framed poem on the speakers' platform where it remained untouched for the entire three days. As the MC was about to close the conference the third day, thanking approximately 125 people—representatives of local, state, and federal water departments—Rev. Lange headed to the platform with a copy of the poem in his hand. Mounting the platform, the Reverend unwrapped the framed poem. He read from the copy in his hand, reading the last paragraph very reverently. Gordon was on the platform as well, and was given a standing ovation. Some of the people in attendance said there wasn't a dry eye in the place.

About the Author

I met Gordon A. Bubolz in the spring of 1990 at an Appleton, Wisconsin restaurant. Chuck Spanbauer of Palmer Publications had arranged the meeting so that Gordon, his son Allen, my partner and I could discuss the editing and production of Gordon's manuscript. I was struck by the courtliness of the man. A witty 85 years old, Gordon's eyes twinkled as he talked. His steps were slow and faltering, and his dependence upon a cane appeared a mild annoyance. His mind, however, sifted carefully through the years to discuss important events, people, accomplishments. He chronicled modestly and matter of factly the many pieces of his life that had affected change.

Never one-dimensional, Gordon's life was testimony to the importance of balance. He could have stayed in his corporate tower and ignored his surroundings. Rather, Gordon served his state politically, taking on the enormous challenge of environmental issues.

In the few years before his death, Gordon worked painstakingly at writing down his life story. When we met to discuss his work, we decided that we would edit his essays as individual pieces rather than as one cohesive unit. He liked that idea. To actually pull together a chronologically accurate book would have taken enormous amounts of Gordon's time and attention.

Mary Ellen Ducklow, Appleton native, longtime newspaper reporter, writer and reviewer, magazine freelancer, and ghostwriter of the late eminent Appleton surgeon Dr. Victor Marshall's autobiography, is a former faculty member in journalism and English composition at the University of Wisconsin Center-Fox Valley. Commissioned several years ago by Gordon, Chairman of the Board of the Secura organization, to write a book based on his autobiography, Ms. Ducklow compiled and delivered that manuscript in May of 1990. Parts of that book have been incorporated into this volume.

The publication of this manuscript has been a labor of love on the part of Gordon's widow Amelia. After his death, Amelia pondered the project for several months before saying determinedly: "Gordon wanted to do this so it should be done."

The last thing Gordon Bubolz said to me was, "Do you know Mrs. Bubolz?"

"No," I said. "I've never had the privilege."

"Well," he said, "you must. She's definitely worth knowing!"

An incredible amount of love flowed between Gordon and Amelia. It was evident to their family, to the people who knew them well and evident to passing strangers. What's even more beautiful is that now that I have met Amelia, I can attest to the fact that Amelia is still very much in love with Gordon.

—Editor's Note, November, 1991

Gordon Bubolz—devoted son, husband, father and corporate scion died in October of 1990. It had been his hope to live to see this book of autobiographical essays published.

Gordon's essays are about growing up on a farm—about his strong religious beliefs—his family—his days as a legislator—his business—as well as some fascinating social and political commentary—the perspective of the 1900's from a man who's life spanned most of it.

Born in 1905 in Cicero, Wisconsin, the son of Emilie and Julius Bubolz, Gordon was the seventh son of 13 children. His interest and enthusiasm for his father's business were awarded when he was chosen to follow his father's footsteps first as assistant secretary and later as president of Home Mutual.

A graduate of Lawrence University, with an MBA from the Wharton School of Commerce and a law degree from the University of Wisconsin, Gordon's education began in a small rural schoolhouse.

"My start was at the Cicero Grade School in the township of Cicero, Outagamie County, Wisconsin—a little more than a mile from our farm. I was six years old when I started first grade. The total enrollment in the school was about 90. Children ranged from 5 to 16 years of age."

"There were usually two teachers at the school, one man and one woman. There was no janitor, so the teacher of the highest grades was in charge of building the fire in the large stove to keep everyone warm."

"My brother Richard became the principal of the school and remained there until he entered the University of Wisconsin to become a medical doctor."

Gordon then spent two years at the parochial school conducted at the local Lutheran church. "It was taught by our pastor, a thorough and excellent disciplinarian who had been educated in Germany. Our studies consisted of the catechism, Bible history, church history, church music and world events. The school program of two years concluded with confirmation at a big church service."



Gordon, March 1990, at Buena Vista Hotel, Florida.

After 10 years of schooling, Gordon was needed to manage the poultry business on the family farm, which he did for eight years. For one year, he attended Bliss College in Columbus, Ohio, known for its excellent business program.

“It was this college,” Gordon recalls, “that taught me much to progress to executive levels in the field of business and inspired me to obtain even more education.”

At Lawrence University in Appleton, where he worked in a dining hall to help pay for room, board and expenses, Gordon earned a bachelor of arts degree in 1932.

“Some of my most interesting courses were in economics (my major), geology, English, history, philosophy, and social change. The four years at Lawrence went very fast and were so fascinating that they inspired me to continue my education at Wharton School of Commerce in Philadelphia.”

“I chose Wharton School for my graduate work in business because of its sophistication in economics as applied in the business and government sectors, and its program to train business economists. It brings together the faculty from the department of economics, the department of finance, and other departments, as well as experts from research centers. The program enables students to integrate and apply knowledge of economic theory and analytical tools, such as finance and marketing. A real satisfaction in my life has been that I chose Wharton School of Commerce and Finance for my graduate studies.”

Following graduation from Wharton, Gordon was employed for two years as an insurance expert with the Farm Credit Administration, Washington, D.C., and was promoted to associate agricultural economist (1936-1937). He then became president and general manager of Home Mutual Insurance Company, Appleton, Wisconsin, which had been founded by his father in 1900. While directing the management of the insurance company, he studied law at the University of Wisconsin Law School and received his doctor of laws degree in 1940.

“My studies at the University of Wisconsin Law School were a pleasant experience because of the faculty, students, and administrative staff who maintained mutually beneficial relationships. My law degree helped me become a Wisconsin State senator, a position I held from 1944 to 1953.”

In recapping his formal education, Gordon stated: “My life as a student has been interesting and has inspired me to continue my education after graduation.”

Gordon and his wife of 50+ years, Amelia Juve Bubolz, raised four children. There are nine Bubolz grandchildren. Gordon’s life was full and selfless. His legacy lives on—in his family—his business and his many contributions to our environment.

Chapter 1

1905-1990—Reflections

This chapter was written by Gordon Bubolz shortly before his death in October of 1990. Originally intended by the author as an ending for his memoirs, we felt that its rightful place was as the first essay in this book. Gordon's reflections capture the essence of the man . . . his insight, perception, intelligence and philosophy. We're sure you will enjoy taking a walk through the twentieth century with Gordon Bubolz as he looks at demographics, economics, social structure and the future of the insurance company his father, "Mr. Julius," founded in 1900. His first sentence is the ultimate understatement—



Gordon A. Bubolz, 1910.

“ . . . Things have changed during my lifetime.”

In 1905 there were only 45 United States; now there are 50. Our country's population numbered 76,094,000; now it is 230,000,000. The average American worker earned 22 cents an hour. Automobiles were selling for about \$1,550 each, and the truck and bus were still to be invented. Approximately 18 out of every 1,000 people owned a telephone, and there was no such thing as a radio, an electric ice box or most of the other symbols of modern domestic consumership. People had other things to worry about. Diphtheria, typhoid and malaria were among the leading causes of death—and the common cold often developed into pneumonia, which was frequently fatal.

The most crowded occupation in the United States in the early 1900's was agriculture; nearly 11 million people were farmers. Factory workers numbered more than six million and climbing. In the first decade of the century, approximately one million people poured into the country from abroad—bringing their culture and customs and changing the face of our nation.

There hadn't been a major war since the

Civil War which added to the country's feeling of complacency and security. Early in the century, the United States Government showed a surplus of \$46,380,000 in income over expenditures. It was a cocksure era—the Age of Optimism, Confidence and Innocence. There was a will to grow no matter what the expense. It was a time when Americans were optimistic and self-confident to an extreme—but, also, a period of practical and moral problems—child labor, teeming slums, and widespread offenses by corrupt politicians and ruthless corporations. Most people assumed that all problems would be solved in the normal course of events. Meanwhile, the important thing was to get ahead and earn maximum returns from bountiful opportunities.

Homemakers found stores well-stocked and prices low. Eggs were 12 cents a dozen, men's suits were nine dollars and sewing machines sold for 12 dollars. The farmer was doing well after the hard times of the gay 1890's. Everyone was fascinated by the many useful devices coming to the fore: the telephone, typewriter, sewing machine, self-binding harvester and even the automobile. At the beginning of the first decade of the twentieth century, 8,000 automobiles were registered.

In 1905, 60 percent of the population lived on farms or in communities with less than 2,500 inhabitants. Country towns were satisfying to many, but the cities were beginning to grow more populous. Newcomers, many of them poor Italians, Russians, Poles and Jews, found plenty of work in the mining towns and in cities like New York and Chicago. In the early 1900's, one-third of the people in the United States were either foreign-born or children of the foreign-born.

Men were unabashedly the "Master Sex." The entire country, from the logging camps of Oregon to the U.S. Senate, had seemingly been arranged by men for their own satisfaction. They were masters of their households, dispensing justice and wisdom to their families.

Along with their exalted status, men enjoyed special rights and privileges. Not only did they keep women out of the voting booth, they also kept them out of clubs, restaurants, saloons and tobacco shops. Although men called the tune, they also worked very hard:

often at least 10 hours a day, six days a week. The average *weekly* wage was less than 12 dollars. Most men sought retreats in barber-shops or taverns where cigar fumes reeked and they could read through the spicy pages of *Police Gazette* and ogle the ladies who hurried past the door. The most democratic gathering places were the saloons—camaraderie was as much a part of the saloon's appeal as the whiskey.

Theodore Roosevelt was a popular and important president: soldier, statesman, author, adventurer and advocate of the strenuous life. Roosevelt plunged into the adventure of being president with enthusiasm. He acted to curb the power of the nation's huge trade monopolies and financial trusts. He arbitrated labor disputes, reformed railroad rates, pushed through a pure food and drug law and plucked 148 million acres of forest land out from under the lumbermen to create national parks. He bantered down stubborn diplomatic obstacles to build the Panama Canal.

A "Headline" Walk Through the 1900's . . .

The Automobile Changed America

On the eve of the century's second decade, the automobile was struggling to get into high gear. Americans were flocking to auto shows to admire the luxurious autos of the day. Henry Ford took the lead because he believed that the way to make automobiles was to make one just like another. By the beginning of the second decade, four million Fords were rattling around the country changing society in many ways. Ford doubled his workers' pay from \$2.34 to \$5.00 per day and, at the same time, reduced the nine-hour shift to eight hours. Ford had agents who interrogated a worker's wife, children and neighbors to determine if he was "morally fit" for employment. If the man drank alcohol, was divorced, quarreled with his wife, gambled, took in boarders or stayed out late at night, he had to correct his ways immediately if he wanted to keep his job with Ford.

War Brought on Many Changing Attitudes

With great reluctance—but firm purpose—President Woodrow Wilson called for a declaration of war against Germany on April 2, 1917. In so doing, he assured the nation and the world that “We have no selfish ends to serve, we desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities . . . no material compensation.”

Every red-blooded American male was prepared to leap into the war and every woman and child backed up the doughboys. The Army had a grand total of 208,034 men. Air Service counted five rickety planes and 130 pilots. So wholly unprepared was the United States at the onset of the war that the British and French had to sell American troops most of their artillery, tanks and ammunition. Factories were reorganized to work around the clock. Food dealers diverted tons of groceries to the men in the trenches. The result of the nation’s colossal efforts, as everyone had expected, was a glorious victory. In contrast to the much larger number of European fatalities, 116,516 American soldiers and sailors died during the conflict (and more than half of them died from disease). American business had boomed during the war years, and the United States had become the most powerful country in the world economically and, perhaps, militarily.

The American people contributed dollars for democracy. Women stepped forward to fill jobs the boys left behind. Suddenly, a male-dominated America was confronted with the spectacle of women auto mechanics, telegraph messengers, elevator operators and streetcar conductors. They toiled on factory assembly lines, carried ice, plowed fields and became traffic cops. Women even invaded the sanctuary of the armed forces—about 11,000 female yeomen enlisted in the navy as clerks and stenographers.

Changing social patterns took place as a result of the war. The home folks entered into the war effort in many ways. They responded to Red Cross appeals by knitting quantities of woollens to keep the soldiers warm. Families cleared out their bookshelves to give the soldiers reading materials. Americans, with new

zeal and strength, helped to win the war and hoped that they would be able to help shape the world.



Gordon A. Bubolz, Bliss College, Columbus, Ohio. Mid 1920's.

The Roaring Twenties and The Thrilling Thirties

Following the war, there was a quest for normalcy and a craving for excitement. A spirit of frivolity seized the country. Women began cutting their hair at ear level and hemming their dresses to knee level. Respectable citizens began dancing the Charleston. The unrestrained hedonism of the decade fed on its own momentum.

The Prohibition Amendment that became law in 1920 had turned the simple pleasure of

sipping a little whiskey into a federal offense, and many Americans began regularly and unremorsefully breaking the law. Pleasures and frivolities flourished. The country placed its faith in the supreme importance of the automobile. Everyone wanted to become rich. The prosperity and excitement that millions enjoyed left millions of others untouched. The axiom of the decade was “Eat, drink and be merry,” but it had its corollary “For tomorrow we might die.”

October 29, 1929, was the day the stock market suddenly plunged. Desperate years had arrived. It was a grim period.

In the 1920’s, there was much more than the fierce struggle for survival; there was excitement, social revolution, change in our government and experimentation in arts and science. Looking back, it seems that domestic disaster made Americans once again aware of their neighbors and taught them how to face the cold, brutal fact that only close cooperation could pull them, and their nation, out of the quicksand of despair.

Amusements were few in those days, and many were self-made. When shopping for clothes, one shopped for durability, not style. How long would they last? Would they fade or shrink? Politics and social issues were violently debated, mostly by the young. The 1930’s were a time of individualism—a time when tremendous things were happening and, the young and undefeated learned to build their lives and be helpful to others.

The Gathering Storm Before World War II

In October, 1940, Franklin Delano Roosevelt said, “I have said this before. But I shall say it again and again and again: You boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.”

But things changed in Europe.

Roosevelt saw that Hitler was taking over Europe. Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, and America was in the war. Americans bought \$49 billion in War Bonds. They grew their own food in Victory Gardens. Volunteers formed an enormous civilian “Defense Corps.” Children saved their empty toothpaste tubes for scrap-metal drives. All Americans felt that

they were “in the game” helping to shorten the conflict. Gasoline rationing was a rule: food stamps and store stamps were the law. Almost everything that Americans really liked to eat—meat, coffee, butter, cheese, sugar—was strictly rationed by a point system. Once again, women replaced badly needed manpower and worked as riveters, airplane mechanics, cooks, code clerks, typists and truck drivers. Female pilots ferried planes to Europe. In all, more than 300,000 women served, most of them with a devoted fervor that often exceeded that of men. Not only were we strong at the front, but there was a home front that made the winning possible. The war brought many social changes to America. There were immense population shifts: family life changed, neighborhood life changed, crime increased and the United Nations came into being.



Gordon A. Bubolz, early 1940's.

“On Account of Sex” . . . Women’s Changing Role

During my lifetime, the position of women in society changed dramatically. Milestones in women’s struggles for equal rights have included the Women’s Suffrage Movement in the nineteenth century, the August, 1920 decision that gave women the right to vote, and their first opportunity to exercise that right—the November, 1920 presidential election. After this, women slowly acquired a voice in public affairs. Women’s Suffrage parades actually started in 1912 in New York City and in 1914 in Washington, D.C. On June 4, 1919, women finally won when Congress voted the 19th Amendment to the Constitution, stating that no citizen could be denied the right to vote “on account of sex.” It was a victory for democracy. My father, who started Home Mutual Insurance Company in 1900, was a strong advocate of women’s rights.

During this century, women have fought for equal pay and other rights and are slowly beginning to get them. Today, more than 50 percent of American women are working and making a significant contribution to the support of their families. Women have struggled to gain visibility in this century. In some states, like Michigan, women currently own one-third of the businesses and are becoming involved in key decision-making positions.

Youth

The third quarter of this twentieth century was evidenced by the spirit of youth coming to the fore. Too often ignored in this period, the idealistic urgings of our youth have become strong. The student protests of the 1960’s and 1970’s are an example of this rebellion. Mature adults have become more aware of the need to think about young people. In the past, it had been the opinion of many that the young were not equipped to take over the running of the world. Members of each succeeding generation have convinced themselves that those coming behind them do not have the social graces and are ill-equipped. Senior generations have too often overestimated themselves and underestimated the younger generation.

Youth and Old Age

The current trend seems to have signaled a change toward more respect for the ability of the younger generation. This change has been, and is, for the good of society. Young people arrive at conclusions out of intuition. Their feelings, senses, inspirations and perceptions are the raw material of their ideas. Older people are more inclined to take the empirical route to knowledge. They depend on proven evidence to show them what is and is not true.

The boldness of youth and the caution of age never coexisted comfortably. Young people, in the conduct and management of actions, embrace more than they can hold; they fly to the end without considering the means and degrees. Persons of age object too much, adventure too little, repent too soon and seldom drive business home to its full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Francis Bacon suggested that to correct the situation, a rough division of labor was needed: Young people would invent and initiate projects, while their elders would use their well-tempered judgment to advise them on how best to get the job done.

Such arrangements work well when they are tried, but they are probably not tried often enough for the good of society. The aging process causes people to become set in their ways and reluctant to go along with the changes their juniors press upon them. Their reluctance is reinforced when they come to feel threatened by youthful drive, assertiveness and energy. The handy way to protect oneself from this perceived threat is to find practical reasons why youthful proposals can’t be put into effect.

If the weakness of youth is recklessness, the weakness of later age is expediency. The dictionary defines expedient behavior as “politic rather than just.” People who acquire family and other responsibilities normally become more concerned with their own interests than with those of society in general. While self interest is truly in the national interest, it is important to be sensitive to the broader community.

Home Mutual

It is for this reason that Home Mutual has

enlisted the energies of many younger people resulting in much of our progress. The young people in our company display a surprising degree of confidence in the economic future, together with a strong social conscience. They are more education-minded, more enterprising and more self-reliant than generations before them. They are realistic, yes, but not pessimistic.

We have people of many nations in our employ who bring with them new ideas, much vigor and industry. We have benefited from their ideas and their opinions. Instead of ranking people by what they own, as the market

ethic does, today's ethic places a higher value on what people do. In the nineteenth century, Ralph Waldo Emerson preached a doctrine of self-reliance. We are seeing a return to this ideal and to the ability to adapt and survive under difficult conditions. To do things with one's own hands has become an important goal. It is hoped that a simpler life with less anxious social striving and compulsive materialism will add to the spiritual health of our country. A balance between economic success and a spiritual quest appears to be taking place in the lives of many people today. We see this as boding well for the future of our society.



Gordon A. Bubolz at Singer Island, Florida (circa 1972).

Chapter 2

On The Growth of Home Mutual

My most memorable trip with Dad was to Colfax, Wisconsin the day after it was almost totally destroyed by a tornado. The company was going to assure its policyholders that they would be taken care of. The town was rubble—only a few buildings were standing. There were many deaths and injuries and people were in shock. Dad and I helped set up a tent to serve food and coffee and sought out the policyholders on our list to tell them that we knew their loss was total and would pay all due. It was obvious that Dad really cared about these people and understood their loss and fears. He had a way with words that let them know that and eased their pain.

I don't know when I was ever prouder of him—not even at all the awards and dinners I have attended in his honor.

*—Milly Bubolz Rugland, 1991
Remembering Gordon*



Three years of tornados between 1897-1899 planted the seed for what would become Home Mutual.

Home Mutual—once a seedling—is now a towering oak, spreading its branches of protection to more than one quarter of a million policyholders in six midwestern states.

When the company started in 1900, my father, “Mr. Julius” had a rolltop desk in the corner of what had been a bedroom in our seven-room country home. The desk was also used as a work station for his other municipal and community responsibilities. Statements and accounting records were stored in a large iron safe. Applications, policy forms, envelopes and other supplies were stored in a sizable closet.

As the business grew, the adjoining parlor was also converted into an office, and in 1932, the company’s growth necessitated larger facilities. Because our mailing address had been Seymour for 30 years, and Dad was a director of a Seymour bank, a strong effort was made by that community to convince us

to locate there. Other cities and villages in northeastern Wisconsin made tempting proposals to influence Dad and the board of directors to choose them for our home office location. Clintonville was being considered because the president of one of its banks, a respected leader and Dad’s friend, did a lot of business with farmers in the Clintonville area who carried insurance with our company.

I felt that choosing a larger municipality would offer new insurance markets and give us diversified growth potential by writing insurance for city, village, and other nonfarm property owners.

In 1932, the directors approved my recommendation to locate in Appleton. We rented 800 square feet of office space in the new seven-story Irving Zuelke building in downtown Appleton. Our staff consisted of my father (secretary and general manager), me (assistant secretary), a stenographer, a book-



Mr. Julius in front of the family home which was the first Home Mutual office in the town of Cicero.

41 YEARS *of* PROGRESS



HOME OFFICE . . . 409 ZUELKE BLDG.
HOME MUTUAL INS. CO.
 APPLETON, WISCONSIN

Eight years after moving into the Zuelke building, downtown Appleton, Home Mutual reflected on its gratifying progress.

keeper, and two typists. At the time, we had \$77,495,107 of insurance in force and gross premiums of \$50,717. Losses paid were \$33,935. At the end of 1985, insurance in force exceeded a billion dollars. Paid losses were \$55,675,259. Net premiums written were \$77,909,020. Premiums written in 1985 exceeded the 1932 insurance in force and were, as the figures indicate, handsomely adequate to cover the losses.

Growing Pains

After we moved from the farm to the Zuelke building, the company grew at a gratifying rate. In the late 1940's, the insurance departments of the states of Michigan and Minnesota acted favorably upon our applications for licenses, which substantially increased the fire, extended coverage, and automobile lia-



Gordon A. Bubolz breaking ground for the new building in the town of Menasha.

bility business. To accommodate the growth, we rented four floors in the five-story Aid Association for Lutherans (AAL) building in downtown Appleton. Reverend George C. Bubolz of Michigan gained valuable experience working with the company during the summer months while he was a student. He was later named resident manager of Michigan. Henry A. Bergerson of Appleton, with a broad background in sales management, was named resident manager of Minnesota. They were dynamic recruiters, trainers of agents, and builders of business in the new states.

In 1962, AAL notified us that we had to relocate because their growth was forcing them to build a new, larger home office at the same location. It was evident the time had come to build our own home office.

A Home for Home Mutual

We acquired a beautiful 23-acre natural open space area at the southwestern edge of

Appleton on Highway 47. The building committee, headed by Dr. Walter F. Peterson, president of Dubuque University and a member of our board of directors, recommended that the building be built, as much as possible, with Wisconsin products. Following through on this recommendation, the exterior of the building was constructed with attractive long-lasting lannon stone, acquired from a limestone quarry south of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. The mosaic paneling beneath the exterior windows was formed with colorful Eau Claire riverbed gravel. We're elated that these marvelous gifts of nature have become an architecturally beautiful and enduring part of our home office.

The approximate cost of our new home office, completed in 1963, was \$1,300,000. At the time, our assets were about five million dollars and our surplus was a little less than one million dollars. Several multimillion-dollar companies in New York and Connecti-

cut whom we contacted for funding were of the opinion that we weren't big enough to warrant the \$750,000 loan needed for our new home office. Lutheran Mutual of Waverly, Iowa, which had an Appleton heritage, was aware of our company's growth and progress. They also knew that we had fully, and without default, met all of our obligations for more than six decades. After a visit and inspection by its finance committee, a Lutheran Mutual spokesman said, "Your company has a recog-

twenty years later, a new addition, about 1½ times larger than the original 57,000 square feet (now 132,000 square feet), was constructed. When the building was dedicated in 1963 we were honored to have Susan Mitchell, former Wisconsin Commissioner of Insurance, as our keynote speaker.

In 1966, my son, G. Allen Bubolz was named to Home Mutual's board of directors. Also in that year, he was a principal cofounder of Homeco Life Insurance Company. By the end



Completed home office in the shape of a bold faced "H", 1963.

nized, long-time record of performance. We'll be glad to approve your \$750,000 loan request with annual land contract payments. The rate of interest will be 5.75 percent.

Thanks to Lutheran Mutual's faith and trust in us, our new home office was built. Mortgage and interest payments were met promptly, and the loan was paid in full.

We moved into our new home office in September of 1963 with about 80 employees;

of 1985, the life company showed new premium writings of \$5,609,000, assets of \$18,744,510, and capital stock and surplus of \$2,772,215.

The move to our new quarters in 1963 coincided with the installation of a new computer, which resulted in faster accounting data and prompt processing and servicing of the business. We were all excited about the emergence of the computer era at Home Mutual.

little did we know that it was just the beginning of a technology explosion.

The Computer Revolution

It all began slowly with the manual typing of policies and entering data into the computer using punch cards. For the first time, data were stored electronically and provided us with the breakthrough of office automation. Our policyholder information—all that was needed to calculate premiums, display policy coverages, and store property descriptions—was electronically and permanently stored. New endorsements were issued by entering only the changed data. And, for the first time, renewals of insurance coverages were processed automatically by the computer.

Electronic storage of data was the catalyst for further automation. Computer hardware and software improved the reliability, cost, and speed in producing data required for the company's operations. Microcomputers, photocopiers, printing, and telephone communication systems evolved as important tools in our company.

Simultaneously, we added key people—the move that has kept Home Mutual in the forefront and, in many respects, in a lead position in the industry. Now, through the facsimile method of communication, a picture or document is transmitted over the telephone. This new marvel for the quick transmission of information speeds up the adjustment of losses and fast, prompt service to our policyholders. Once again, Home Mutual has utilized its human and financial resources to inaugurate new insurance coverage protection and service technologies.

Our Founding Principles

Each time the company moved its home office, Julius Bubolz's seven founding principles were retained as the basic pillars of the company's operations. Our home office location has changed, but our humanitarian-service principles have not. They will always be proud centerpieces of the company's heritage. More than 800 agents, close to 400 company employees, and approximately a quarter of a million policyholders have the assurance that:

- Home Mutual and Homeco Life Insurance Companies were organized and founded for the greater security, the best possible insurance protection, and the betterment of humanity.
- Honesty is our policy.
- Agents, adjusters, and employees must so conduct themselves that they will always be welcomed back.
- Top priority is given to effecting changes in coverages and operating methods to assure protection and service to the company's policyholders.
- Company employees and agents are trained with a view toward attaining the utmost competence so that the public can place its total trust in the company's personnel.
- Financial strength and stability must be maintained so that regulatory authorities, policyholders, agents, and the public will always be assured that losses and all other obligations will be paid 100 cents on the dollar.
- Modern community progress is a reflection of the company's progress and growth. Therefore, we must do everything possible to further the modern progress of our communities.

Recruiting Agents

I had the good fortune to learn directly from my father how to recruit agents. His voice was firm when he said:

"In canvassing for agents to represent us in new territories, we must choose persons who are honest and who enjoy the trust and confidence of the people in their communities. Our agents must recognize that insurance is a public trust; that corporate licenses are granted by the state with the understanding that we will conduct ourselves in an upright, fair, and honorable way in all dealings; that new coverages and improved operating methods will be promptly inaugurated to benefit the insureds." Town, village, and city clerks, and assessors, were contacted to obtain the names of prospective agents who were trusted by the people in their area communities.

Prospective agent and new-policyholder leads were secured in the late 1920's and

early 1930's when Home Mutual began advertising and holding agency meetings to improve and strengthen the agents' knowledge of insurance and company performance. As my father often said, "The agents are the company's ambassadors. Agency/company learning and fellowship get-togethers build agency/company growth. Agency/company teamwork builds knowledge of the business and confidence in one another."

These meetings were vehicles for synergizing and putting into practice the best ideas of the agents and company. This added new agency/company growth horizon dimensions.

Seeing is Believing

During Home Mutual's first 35 years, its growth depended primarily on policyholders telling others why they liked our company. Agents did effective promoting, too, by taking pictures of buildings that tornadoes and windstorms destroyed and showing them to prospective

policyholders as proof of how those who lost their properties by windstorms were able to replace them without bearing the entire burden themselves. During the company's first 30-40 years of existence, many property owners didn't carry windstorm insurance. They felt that large forested areas surrounding their farm buildings served as protective shields. However, when the wooded areas were cut, tornadoes and cyclones caused extensive damage. The uninsured property owners could see the wisdom of buying windstorm insurance protection.

New Leadership

On the occasion of my 21st birthday in 1926, I was named assistant secretary. I then persuaded my father to place classified advertisements in the *Wisconsin Agriculturist* to secure new agency leads. These ads brought in many inquires from persons who were interested in becoming agents and produced



Home Mutual's first addition, completed in 1980.

leads from property owners who didn't carry windstorm insurance. Advertisements were also placed in weekly newspapers, bringing us an increasing number of policyholders. Because our home office was located in an urban community, the door was opened to appoint larger, well-established agencies in growing and expanding urban communities. This expansion trend became a dynamic source for new business.

Another favorable factor was that our company's rates were lower than the bureau rates, a savings incentive that agencies could pass on to their clientele. This was a clincher for securing new agency appointments.

Secura—A New Era

On September 15, 1986, the names of Home Mutual, Homeco Life, Homeco Financial, and Homeco Securities were changed to SECURA Insurance, SECURA Life, SECURA Financial, and SECURA Investments, heralding the beginning of a new era of progress for our companies. The former plan of having four separate names presented marketing obstacles. For a number of years, I felt that a one-word, nice-sounding company name would do much to strengthen and give a new, more appealing image to our corporate identity. After a three-year study and recommendation by our new corporate managers, G. Allen Bubolz and John S. Bubolz, and with the unanimous decision of the boards of directors, SECURA was the new name given to our companies.

While the name "Home" had its special merits—and certainly reflected our company's origins.

Our Philosophy

A close working relationship with agents and policyholders was a key point of growth emphasis during our first 86 years of operation. The top priority we have given to securing new ideas from agents to improve services to both policyholders and agents has been extremely effective. The continuing aspirations of our employees are also important factors in better serving others. The "frontier of the mind" is kept in the forefront—namely, investing in the knowledge, understanding, and growth of employees and the professional knowledge of agents. Decisions are made with the full cooperation of management, departmental staffs, and agents. When we work together to seek new growth and insurance protection opportunities, everyone benefits.

New business production goals have always been given top priority—to keep employees and agents geared for change and progress. Every effort is made to live and practice the human values of humility as a vital part of sound leadership.

From the company's very beginning in 1900, the way has been paved for progress and growth. The role of education for the optimum development of all persons and groups, direct and indirect, has been stressed for lasting, long-term growth.

We have left no stone unturned in our quest for innovation, with a view toward enriching the relationships and lives of policyholders, agents, and company personnel. Many of the techniques we initiated are in widespread use today. It is our policy to continue to seek and employ new operating methods and programs. It is gratifying to see how employees and

agents of the SECURA Companies have committed themselves to serving others. Each, in his or her own way, has done much to build the confidence and trust essential for sound growth.



Winter's tranquility at Secura.

Faith of Our Fathers

My father, "Mr. Julius," believed that when we place our total faith in God, His Holy Spirit works in us and through us to do what is deserving and good for His people. Dad's faith was meaningfully stated in the prayer he wrote for one of our company's annual meetings.

Lord God, our heavenly father, we thank thee for permitting us to gather together for our annual insurance meeting to discuss the welfare of this insurance company. We realize that without thy blessing, nothing could have been accomplished, and that if we should desire to carry on our work without thy blessing, our further progress would be halted. Let us be of service to thy people—honest, upright, and just in all our dealings. Bestow thy blessing upon the measures that we resolve upon in thy fear. Let thy Holy Spirit govern and direct our hearts, and let the peace of thy dear son dwell in us that, as brethren, we may consult peaceably together.

Lord God, bless all who are gathered here. Bless their homes, and bless our work in this year. We ask it all because of the love of thy son Jesus, our Savior and Redeemer. Amen."



Automobile plate reflector used in late 1930's, conceived and designed by Amelia Bubolz.

Chapter 3

On Family Life as it Centered Around the Development of the Insurance Company

Our father didn't learn to drive until he was 65 years old—it was mother who encouraged him to take it up. He did . . . enthusiastically! He continued to drive for many years thereafter; only when he was in his 80's did he take taxis to the office.

—Gertrude Bubolz Brummund
Remembering her father, Julius Bubolz



Father Julius, 1862-1956.

My parents, Julius and Emilie Bubolz, settled on 80 acres in Cicero, Wisconsin. Their house and barn were built of logs. A quiet man who listened to the needs of his community, my dad became a leader. "Mr. Julius," as he was known to many, was elected town clerk in

1883. Mother kept our home and large family organized.

Frequent fires and inadequate fire insurance had created a need in the community. Although stock companies with representatives in local banks provided insurance, the rates were too high for farmers. My dad was asked to form a mutual insurance company with premium rates that the farmers could afford.

In 1896, the Cicero Mutual Fire Insurance Company was organized with Dad elected as secretary. Our home was the office. Policies were issued at home with Dad doing the office work. He visited the farmers, wrote their insurance, settled any losses and had meetings at our home. In the spring of 1900, Dad was asked to organize a windstorm insurance company beginning with a group of 135 farmers. That business effort grew to become Home Mutual Insurance Company, which includes most lines of personal and business insurance and, through its affiliates, life insurance, investments and financing.

A Family Endeavor

Our entire family was involved in the insurance business. I still remember Board of

Directors meetings at our home that lasted into the night. Mother prepared the meals for everyone who attended. I remember Dad's long, late hours of office work after calling on farmers and policyholders. My sisters Anne, Gertrude and Ethel helped with office work and writing insurance policies. Gertrude greeted all who came to the office and made them feel like one in a million!

Dad and Mother always recognized each of us when praise was deserved. We enjoyed the work and committed ourselves totally. We were always appreciated by our parents and felt good about what we were doing. Recognition by our parents was fair and sincere—they encouraged us to do our best.

Since family members helped in the office, the company could build up reserves and become financially sound. Dad received only one dollar per policy issued, and from this he paid the company's operating expenses. He understood the farmers' situations—that they had to live carefully and that the company they used for insurance protection needed to be cost conscious. Home Mutual, which immediately became known through-

out the state, gained the confidence of agents and policyholders.

Eventually, agents were appointed to represent the company. Often, the agents came to our home on Sundays to discuss their business with Dad, since he was out much of the week with his own calls.

Those Were the Days

Insurance calls were made by horse and buggy, and by horse-drawn cutter in winter, until we purchased our first automobile in 1913. When old enough, my brothers and I drove for Dad so that he could carry on his business. The car, often in need of repair, was the responsibility of my brothers Edmund and Julius. We all remember repairing flat tires, a common event on the road.

A party-line telephone was installed and before long the entire family was handling business calls. Because our home was a half-mile from the town road, the telephone line covered a considerable distance. Lines often went through trees, making calls difficult to hear and messages hard to understand. It was usually necessary to shout.



Father Julius on his way to work by horse drawn cutter.



Company party celebrating birthday of Mr. Julius.

Founder's Day

One year, in anticipation of the founder's birthday, my brother George planned a special event for Dad's birthday, company agents were to send in new applications for insurance. On his birthday, the mail overflowed with new applications. Just one example was Anton Matheson, a Home Mutual agent in Maribel, Manitowoc County, who sent in a pack of 100 new applications. He went to a community dance on Saturday evening, and while people danced, he solicited business. Dad was thrilled with the surprise. For several years, agents continued to surprise him with new applications on his birthday.

Home Mutual Insurance Company's first twenty-five years were mainly under the personal guidance and labor of the founder/secretary. The company met the needs of Wisconsin farmers locally and throughout the state. In the second quarter century of operation, the company expanded.

New Leadership

I served first as assistant secretary and then president of Home Mutual. It was during

this period that the company organized and expanded into the neighboring states of Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, Missouri and Kansas. Home Mutual more than doubled its business. More planning time was devoted to meeting the needs of the second quarter century of the company's growth.

Home Mutual Insurance was known for its fair dealings in loss adjustments. When traveling with Dad while he adjusted losses, it was gratifying to learn that policyholders were pleased with the way their losses were settled. Our reputation for honesty in loss adjustments became known throughout Wisconsin and helped in the expansion of the insurance program. False insurance claims were not allowed. This not only saved the company and policyholders money, it made them feel that they were dealing with a company known for its integrity. They respected us for not recognizing "built-in" losses.

The Winds of 1930

The confidence of our policyholders was demonstrated after three severe windstorms, on May 1, 1930, when more than 3,000 de-

structive losses occurred, June 13 and again on June 29. On some farms, tornadoes destroyed all buildings and personal property two or three times in that same year. With all of this destruction, many unsettled insureds were concerned about how they would be treated by the company. My Dad gained their confidence by listening. Then he would say, "Yes, you really had bad luck and I'm here to help you."

Since most insureds carried a conservative amount of insurance, the total amount was often paid. Any problems of accepting the market price were presented in writing to the Board of Directors, which was made up of farmers. In this way the insureds felt they would be taken care of fairly. Dad always carried the checkbook with him, and often issued a check right on the spot so that the insured's loss could immediately be replaced.

Dad was a master in his field. He devoted his professional life to the insurance industry from the time he started in the business in 1900. He practiced what he advised the company's adjusters to do: *So conduct yourself that you will always be welcomed back*. He felt strongly about ethics and trained his staff to follow his principles. Honesty was not only a policy, but a principle that was carried out in practice. Dad believed that the success of the insurance man depended not only on the techniques of competitive marketing, but on the ethical leadership that gave vitality and purpose to the industry.

Confidence in the operation of the company has been carried on through other family members. My father operated the company as a business that he personally directed, and his family has followed in the insurance industry in the same manner.

Although many Bubolz family members have been involved, Home Mutual Insurance Company has been more than a family business. Each person was assigned definite job responsibilities. Business relationships and family relationships have always been an important management concept in the company's successful operation.

The men and women employed by Home Mutual have been an integral part of the company's efforts, growth and progress. Carefully selected and trained, they have always been aware of the part insurance plays in maintaining the financial stability of the individual family and community.

I am very grateful for what the insurance profession and the years of experience have done for me and my family. If I had to live my life over again, I would, without reservation, choose to do what I have done in the years since I became assistant secretary at the age of 21.



Family at the helm, the founder Julius and son Gordon.

My father managed Home Mutual quietly and effectively. In all the years that he led the company, "Julius" lived by the following philosophy:

A leader is best

When people barely know that he is in charge.

He aims to be a good leader who talks little.

When his work is done, his aims fulfilled,

They will all say, "We did this ourselves."

This was the secret of the first secretary of Home Mutual.



Julius and Gordon pose with company representatives in the early 1940's.



Traditional birthday party celebration for Grandpa Julius at High Cliff Park, attended by family and employees.

Chapter 4

On Family Life with Father Julius, Mother Emilie and My Brothers & Sisters

*We liked each other. We still like each other. There was nobody in the family we didn't like.
—Gordon's sister, Gertrude Bubolz Brummund, discussing their family.*



Family orchestra on lawn in Cicero.

Brothers and sisters reunite for a family wedding, 1978.



*Julius Bubolz Sr.,
approximately 15
years old.*



Among those who emigrated to Wisconsin in the mid-1800's were the Bubolz and Jeske families. After arriving in Wisconsin, my grandparents worked on a farm. When my father, Julius, was 15 years of age, his father passed away and he and his mother moved to her daughter's home in Cicero where Dad worked on a farm for a number of years.

In 1882, at the age of twenty, my father purchased his first tract of land in the north-eastern section of Cicero. Emilie Jeske, who had caught Julius' attention in church, lived three and half miles away. He decided to pay a visit and moved swiftly to capture the heart of the beautiful and energetic Emilie.

On March 20, 1884, Julius Bubolz and Emilie Jeske were married. Theirs was a real German wedding, united by love and religious faith. After their marriage, they immediately became involved in activities at the Lutheran church and in the community.

Dad had an unusual hobby—he cared for the owls, gray squirrels and wild animals that populated the area. The root of his hobby was his interest in keeping the wooded and marshy areas in their unspoiled, natural condition.

My mother, Emilie, was energetic and radiant. She always saw the good in others. When people called at our home, she gave them a warm, friendly welcome. Her usual invitation, "Please come in for a cup of coffee," would inevitably include donuts, cookies or cake. If visitors had traveled a great distance, she would serve homemade bread, sausage and cheese. No one left a stranger.

Spaced about two years apart, there were seven sons and six daughters in our family. All of them were born in the Cicero farm house with midwives in attendance.



Julius and Emilie's silver wedding anniversary picture, in March of 1909.



Family members on the farm in Cicero (circa 1920).

Our family of fifteen required a well-coordinated, cooperative team effort in order to function and prosper. The oldest brother and sister were responsible for delegating and supervising the work of the younger family members—in accordance with our parents' guidelines. As the youngest brother, I have many recollections of each member of the family and their influence on my life.



Gordon A. Bubolz, 10 years old.

William was a big-league salesman—full of imagination, ingenuity, industry and integrity. Born in 1886, Bill had a long, fruitful career. After farming for many years, Bill moved to Green Bay where he developed a successful general store. A practical merchant who drew customers from great distances, Bill always tried new approaches to serving his customers. An influential force in the building of Grace Lutheran Church in Green Bay, Bill became secretary/treasurer, and held the office for 34 years. He died at the age of 88. The impression that Bill left with me was that he

had keen vision, tireless energy, and was always active in his community and church.

Lydia was gracious and warm. Born in 1888, she helped care for her younger brothers and sisters. She was Mother's right-hand assistant—a perfectionist in homemaking and housekeeping, especially known for planning and preparing outstanding meals. Lydia married Henry Helms, a farmer, and they had one son. When Mother died, Lydia kept house for Dad. She lived to be 96 years of age and will always be known for her religious devotion.

Louise was named after our maternal grandmother, Louise Jeske. She married a local farmer, Ernest Noack, and they had three daughters. Louise sang in the church choir, and worked zealously in household management and farming. She died at the age of 76.

Anne started teaching in a country school at age 16. She attended Valparaiso University, was principal of Cicero Graded School and Kimberly High School, and taught in Middleton, Wisconsin. Anne received her graduate degree from the University of Wisconsin in microbiology. An ardent church worker who contributed liberally to the First English Lutheran Church in Appleton and the Luther Memorial Church in Madison, Anne helped brother Dick get his start at the Outagamie County Training School which influenced him to go to the University of Wisconsin and on to complete his medical degree at Northwestern University Medical School. Anne will always be remembered for her generosity and her influence in inspiring the younger family members in the field of education.

Julius, known as J.C., was the hunter in the family. Born in 1893, he lived most of his life in Hollister, Wisconsin, where he was employed for 27 years as a track foreman with the Soo Line Railroad. J.C. and his wife Margaret had one son and two daughters. Active in school and community affairs, J.C. was a justice of the peace who inspired his children toward higher education resulting in their accomplishments in teaching, the legal profession and county government. He died at the age of 67.

A mechanic and inventor, **Herbert** was born in 1896 and lived to be 71 years of age.

When wood silos were common, Herbert sold hollow-wall silos that kept the silage from freezing. Active in the Four Square Gospel Church in Appleton, he preached at Sunday services when the pastor was absent. I remember Herbert as always congenial and helpful.

The farmer in the family was **Edmund**, born in 1898. Since Dad's involvement in the insurance company did not allow much time for farming, Edmund was responsible for the farm work on a full-time basis. He also drove Dad on trips around the state to do insurance loss adjustments and kept the auto in running condition. At that time, automobiles required a lot of maintenance and Edmund had the ability needed to manage the repairs. He and his wife Fronie had three sons and three daughters, some involved in insurance and others in business. Edmund will be especially remembered as the minister's right-hand man. He made repairs around the church and assisted in many church activities. Until his death at the age of 83, Edmund was a member of the church choir.

Richard was the doctor in the family. He was principal of Cicero Graded School, educated at the University of Wisconsin and completed his medical degree at Northwestern University. When Dick taught at Cicero Graded School, I was one of his students in the upper four grades. To make certain that no favoritism was shown, I had to be thoroughly prepared. As I look back, this was good for my future. Dr. Dick maintained his medical practice in Chicago for 57 years and developed a farm program at Manteno, Illinois, with an outstanding farm of 1,103 acres. He and his wife Floy had one son and four daughters. With a tremendous capacity for work, Dick enjoyed all that he did until his death at the age of 84.

George, born in 1902, was the minister in the family. Educated in Ohio at Woodville Academy, Capital University and the Trinity Lutheran Theological Seminary in Columbus, he has a master's degree from Michigan State University and did graduate work in Berlin, Germany. A minister at Bethlehem Lutheran Church in Lansing, Michigan, George was the resident manager of Home Mutual Insurance Company for Michigan for

15 years and a real estate consultant and insurance agency manager for 12 years. Since 1976, George has devoted his time to writing for magazines and periodicals—in the fields of health, environmental quality and a positive approach to life. He and his first wife Stella had one daughter, now head of a department at the University of Minnesota, and one son, owner of the Bubolz Insurance Agency in East Lansing, Michigan. After Stella's death, George married Margaret Jacobson, a professor at Michigan State University.

Esther is regarded as the economist in the Bubolz family. A teacher in Cicero, she graduated from the Outagamie County Normal School and Capital University in Columbus, Ohio, and received a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin. Esther taught at the Lutheran College and Seminary in St. Paul and was a member of the staff at Auburn University in Alabama. She and her husband Albert had one son and two daughters. Esther is especially known for her teaching ability and her community activities.

Gertrude, an exceedingly entertaining speaker and effective leader, was born in 1908. She graduated from Rhinelander High School, Wisconsin and attended Capital University. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin, she continued with graduate studies in business administration. Gertrude and her late husband Walter Brummund were parents of three sons and two daughters. Involved in leadership in many organizations and activities, she has always led an exciting life. Gertrude will be remembered as one of the organizers of the Lawyers' Wives of Outagamie County and for serving as vice president and president of the National Lawyers' Wives Association.

Ethel was born in 1910. Known as an outstanding mother and homemaker, Ethel excels at doing things for others. She graduated from Lawrence University with an economics degree. Ethel and her husband Frank Jesse are the parents of three daughters and one son.

Life in the Julius and Emilie Bubolz family was filled with many activities, joys and experiences. Everyone in our family had a different interest and shared in their own way to contribute to the family's well-being. I bene-

fited from them all.

Due to our large family and the economy, we had little money. Mother and Dad taught us to live the simple life by their own example. Their philosophy was very similar to the Puritan and Quaker ethics of hard work, temperate living and spiritual devotion.

Whenever I think of my brothers and sisters. I think of our joy-filled life. I am as much a part of them as they are of me.

Pine, hemlock and cedar flourished at lower elevations.

About one-quarter mile west of our seven-room farmhouse was a cedar swamp. This water-preservation basin overflowed with a variety of wild plants, shrubs, flowers and wildlife cover. Here many species of wildlife found a haven. Northeast of the swamp, on the 80-acre homestead tract, was a heavily wooded area with a clean-water stream. When



Bubolz family farm in the town of Cicero, Outagamie County.

We grew up on a 240-acre farm in the town of Cicero, Outagamie County, Wisconsin.

Undisturbed natural land, ideal for wildlife, comprised about half our farm. It was not uncommon to see grouse, woodcock, rabbit, raccoon, mink, muskrat, squirrel, eels in the stream, owls, hawks, crows, many songbirds and other indigenous species. Mature, tall hardwoods—beech, ash, oak, ironwood and maple—grew on the higher, hilly ground.

walleye, our favorite fish, and northern pike spawned in the spring, fishing was excellent.

It was a thrill when my father, who enjoyed nature's scenic grandeur, asked me to join him on walks. "Gordon, come with me," he would say. "This is a beautiful farm. It offers many opportunities for enjoying the good life."

Dad and Mother believed that the land, air, surface waters, wildlife habitat, creatures of

nature, wooded areas and flowers were gifts of God our Creator. It was our duty to be trustworthy stewards so that future generations could enjoy the earth's blessings.

A Family of Fifteen

There were thirteen children in our family. I had six brothers and six sisters. When old enough, we were given responsibilities to help accomplish all the work that needed to be done. Dad and Mother knew that having responsibilities helped us feel important and useful.

During the pioneer days, a large family was a decided advantage. Much of the work was done by hand. We plowed the fields with horse-drawn plows; shocked grain bundles by hand; pitched hay onto hay racks with forks. About twenty acres of corn rows were hoed by hand to remove weeds and thistles. The farm's thirty to forty milking cows were milked daily. A horse-drawn wagon hauled milk to Cicero Corners where there was a cheese factory,



Gordon's Confirmation at age 16 (circa 1921).

general store and blacksmith shop. Wool-producing sheep were sheared by hand. The feeding of poultry and hogs and the cleaning of pens were daily chores. Crops, including corn, oats, barley, wheat and hay fields, furnished food for the animals. A one-half acre vegetable garden provided for our family needs.

Chores

The principal marketing center, where we bought items needed for our home and farm, was at Seymour. I always enjoyed taking the piglets and calves to the market. The city marketing center, held almost every Monday morning, was alive with many livestock buyers. They were sharp of eye, keen of mind, and excellent judges of quality and weight of cattle and hogs. While I waited for interested buyers, I visited with people from neighboring farms and communities.

When I was in my mid-teens, I was responsible for managing our sizable "Bubolz Poultry Farm" operation. A 20 x 200 foot poultry building provided shelter for about 4,000 chickens. To interest people in coming to our farm to purchase poultry and waterfowl, we raised eight pedigree varieties so that we could win blue ribbons at fairs and poultry shows. Hundreds of eggs laid daily were put into cases holding 30 dozen each. They were sold at the market for cash or exchanged for needed goods.

In addition to the great amount of farm work that was shared by all, we helped with the many family household duties—washing dishes, churning butter, washing clothes, even a turn at scrubbing floors.

Dad and Mother

From Dad and Mother we learned many principles that would follow into our adult years. My father frequently reminded us that honesty in money matters and keeping one's promise were "musts" that must never be violated.

Our parents believed that their children had a duty to respect and obey them. This extended to showing respect to others in our community. Obeying laws enacted by our elected representatives for our protection, human

good and betterment was also included in the duty of respect.

Dad was of the firm conviction that “it takes two to quarrel.” Consequently, when discipline was administered, both parties to the fight were reprimanded and punished. When we visited neighbors in the evening, we would be given a certain time to be home. If we were late, we would have to get up one hour earlier the next morning to hoe corn or do some other work before breakfast.

A good education was vital to our future, according to Dad and Mother. Undoubtedly, this influenced several members of our family to attend and graduate from colleges and universities.

Our Leisure Time

Our parents agreed with the time-honored axiom that “all work and no play make Jack a dull boy.” We were encouraged to take time for recreation: baseball, horseshoe pitching, croquet, anti-anti-over (throwing a ball over the smokehouse or shed) and hide-and-seek. Indoor games included Tiddlywinks and Flinch. Old Maid was always fun because no one ever wanted to be the Old Maid! Skating, tobogganing, sledding and building snow houses were frequent winter activities. Often, families in the neighborhood gathered together to talk over community interests, enjoy fellowship and, of course, homemade goodies—it was always a great time for all.

Our favorite place for relaxation and leisure several evenings a week, Sunday afternoons and rainy days was “Schlitz Corners”—a log cabin built in one of the wooded areas by my older brothers. The only problem with that name was that we didn’t have Schlitz beverages, but it was fun to joke about it. During the summer, the wooded area provided raspberries, blackberries and blueberries. In the fall, we picked butternuts and hickory nuts. I remember many wonderful meals at the cabin.

One of our evening enjoyments, after the chores and housework were done, was taking a half-mile walk down the road. We would chat, look at the crops, nature’s landscape and wildlife. We contemplated the things we learned each day and appreciated the things around us. These walks gave us a feeling for

an ideal world where people can live in harmony with their environment, both natural and human.

Holidays

The beautiful creek in the northern part of our farm evokes many wonderful memories. A family tradition on Easter morning began before sunrise with a pail of fresh clear water from the creek. We believed it was a blessing to wash in this water. It was a way of expressing our deep gratitude to God for His Son who, on Easter morning, rose from the dead after His crucifixion.

On May Day, we celebrated the reawakening earth. At school there were May pole dances. To show admiration for boyfriends, girlfriends, neighbors—May baskets were hung on doors. Made of colored paper and cardboard, the baskets were filled with heart-shaped candies inscribed with a verse. Special cards were put on friends’ doors. I remember children tiptoeing to the front door of a friend’s home with their baskets. They would hang a pretty basket over the knob, knock on the door, and run away to hide behind the nearest tree or clump of bushes. If caught, they would laugh and squeal with embarrassment, then run off to deliver more May baskets.

We always looked forward to the Fourth of July. Firecrackers, thunderbolts and sky-rockets expressed our appreciation of our country’s freedom. Games and food would follow. A special Fourth of July activity was making ice cream in a hand-cranked freezer. The ice cream was delicious—no synthetics or fillers, just cream, eggs, sugar and plenty of vanilla.

After Thanksgiving Day church services, we enjoyed a family time with a special meal of goose or duck. We raised these birds on the farm. (This holiday figured significantly in my future—my wife Amelia and I were married on Thanksgiving Day.)

Of all our family celebrations, however, Christmas was the most special. It created a bond of family closeness and greater awareness of our spiritual blessings. Christmas was celebrated in the church with a large tree beautifully decorated with candles portraying the light of life given us by Christ. Children

participated in a program and each received a bag of peanuts and candy. Returning home in a horse-drawn sleigh with sleigh bells, we continued our festivities with a family Christmas in the parlor. Our family tree was studded with gleaming wax candles. We exchanged gifts, often welcome clothing items, and sang Christmas carols—always including “Silent Night,” around the family organ played by my sister Anne.

Life on the farm during my boyhood days shaped my life in positive and meaningful ways for the years ahead. It was a time I will always treasure. Trusting and lasting friendships were formed in our church, school and community. These treasured relationships helped form strong bonds with members of our family and helped me see the good that comes from being a results-producing part of a family that is a cornerstone of the community.



Bubolz family members at Dr. and Mrs. Richard Bubolz's golden anniversary gathering in Racine.

Chapter 5

On Church as the Cornerstone of My Life

*I was seven years old—it was early spring in 1952. The place was First English Lutheran Church in Appleton at a Sunday morning worship service. Usually a “model child,” on this particular Sunday morning, I had done something Dad obviously did not like. Just before Pastor Reuter delivered his sermon, Dad grabbed my right ear and walked me down the aisle and outside the church. (Our “place” at church was usually the fifth pew in front of the chancel area, **pulpit** side!)*

I had to keep up with dad’s pace for if I slowed down my walk or resisted, my ear would hurt more. We got into the family car and there Dad said very sternly: “Jerry, if you don’t settle down and behave in church, I’ll make sure you’ll have a warm seat when we get home.” I promised that I would settle down and behave. With that, we went back to the church service using a side door which was closer to our “place.”

To this day, whenever I go back to First English, some “old-timers” (mostly women), approach me, smile and say: “I remember when you were a young boy and your father grabbed you by the ear and walked you down the aisle.” They laugh a gentle laugh and I laugh with them, replying: “That’s one day I never will forget.”

Do you suppose that’s why my right ear is “longer” than my left ear?

Love ya, Dad!!!

*—Jerry L. Bubolz, June 24, 1991
Remembering Dad*



Gordon and Jerry, Christmas 1947.

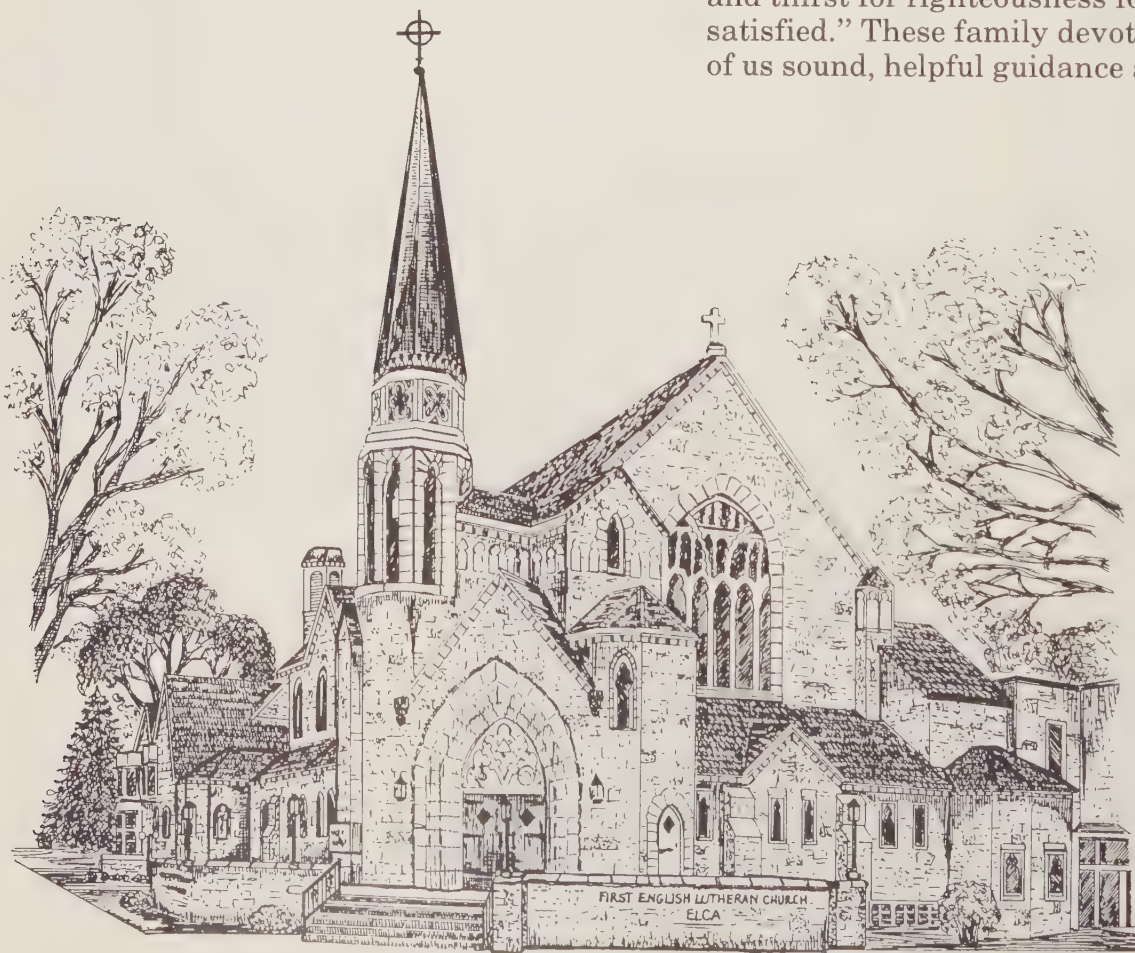
My parents' faith contributed in many ways to the joys they experienced in serving and helping others. They believed God put us on this earth to serve Him and His people. They wanted their children to follow this way of life, to accept responsibility for building better communities and serving others. My parents' love for each member of our family was never in doubt. They concurred that, when this life ended, it was their great desire to see each one of us again in heaven.

When Dad and Mother were married on March 20, 1884, there was no church in our community. Believing that life's spiritual gifts were vital to one's greater fulfillment and growth, they, in their horse-drawn lumber wagon, called on twenty neighbors to secure the support needed to form a Christian congregation. At the first meeting, the purchase of two acres of land was authorized. A log church was built in 1885, later to be replaced by a brick one, and services have been held at Immanuel Lutheran Church ever since.

Our family believed that by placing one's total faith in God, our personal growth and meaningful relationships with family, friends and others in the community would be realized. When the congregation was formed, it became not only a focal point for worship, but a center for community-sharing efforts and social activities. All members of our family were required to attend church services unless we were ill. As necessary as food for our bodies, the spiritual blessings of life were vital for our personal growth.

Our parents' dedication to our individual needs was appreciated by each member of our family. Mother and Dad actively provided for us and supported us as we prepared ourselves for our chosen professions. Our successes brought them happiness.

Daily family devotions led by my father and, in his absence, my mother, were held each morning. A few chosen verses of scripture were read, followed by a prayer thanking God for all He had done. One of my favorite scriptures was: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness for they shall be satisfied." These family devotions gave each of us sound, helpful guidance and direction.



*First English
Lutheran Church
in Appleton.*

I was two weeks old when my life in the church began. That was the day I was baptized and consecrated to God. Growing up in a Christian family made me aware of the virtues of sound morals, temperance, the principles of good health and other “useful” habits. The example set by my parents, Christian relatives and friends during my younger years had an enduring, meaningful effect on my life.

Sunday Services

Our country church with its spire reaching up toward the heavens had a bell that rang on Saturday evenings to remind us of Sunday’s service. The entire membership gathered at the church on Sunday—except the sick and those devoted mothers and young girls who, each in turn, cared for the children, kept the home fires, and cooked Sunday dinners.

A round iron stove along the aisle in our church is another fond memory. Several times during the service it had to be replenished with wood cut from the church members’ timber. I recall the janitor coming up the aisle with a huge chunk of wood under each arm, providing a welcome diversion for the kids.

There were no stained glass windows in our church. We could see the birds and squirrels as they came into the yard, and listen to them in the summer when the windows were raised.

Families traveled to church by horse-drawn carriage or surrey. If a family could not afford a carriage, a spring wagon was the next best thing. During the worship service, the horses were unhitched and put into sheds.

Our pastor served our country parish for 47 years, directing our spiritual destinies and enriching our lives. From the pulpit, he exhorted us to the practice of virtue. At the two-year confirmation school, he taught us the chief teachings of the Holy Scripture and interpreted God’s plan.

The pastor’s deeds spoke louder than his words, and his rural leadership was exercised as much as his religious ministry. He understood the country people. By virtue of his long contact with the men of the fields, he acquired a tendency toward moderation and maturity of judgement which made him a valuable counselor in the different circumstances of life.

Since my parents were active in the organi-

zation of our church, my father, a layperson, conducted the church services in the pastor’s absence. His sermons were never bigoted and never promoted secularism. They believed that all churches in the community should work together.

First English Lutheran Church

During my Lawrence University days, I attended First English Lutheran Church. It had begun as a mission congregation in 1914, enlarged its building in 1920, dedicated its new church in 1932, and added a large education unit in 1959.

I was elected chairman of the education unit’s financial appeal. It was a big undertaking, but the amount of money needed was raised, and, in May 1969, the new unit was dedicated. I was also named to the board of elders, and served as chairman for a number of years.

Several members of my family have been a part of First English—my brother George preached there during the summer while a student at the theological seminary and my son Gerald was ordained there. First English now has one of the largest congregations in Appleton.

American Lutheran Church (ALC)

A member of the nominating committee of the Northern Wisconsin District of the American Lutheran Church (ALC) asked my wife Amelia if I would serve on their evangelism committee. Amelia agreed for me! With reservation, I went to the meeting. I immediately felt that God wanted me to serve, just as He commissioned us in Matthew 28:19: “*Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.*”

Elected district evangelism committee chairman two years later, I proposed to the 1966 district convention attendants that a conference on evangelism be held that summer at Green Lake, Wisconsin. A program was arranged and 40 people attended the first Crusade for Christ Conference, now known as the Conference for Christ. The conference, an annual event which now draws up to 900 people, trains the laity on winning souls for

Christ.

I served as a lay council member for the Winnebago Conference, comprised of 22 congregations of the Northern Wisconsin District of the ALC. The council's function was to propose new church growth programs and strengthen present ones. This was challenging and exciting—I put my business organization experience to work for the church. We presented our proposals to the Bishop of the ALC Northern Wisconsin District Council at Wausau.

After serving on the Winnebago Conference council for two years, I served as its chairman, a position which involved membership on the district council. I also served on the district

evangelism committee which placed me in a connecting-link position with the National Evangelism Outreach of the American Lutheran Church.

My concern for evangelistic outreach has its roots in my background and heritage. From early childhood, I was taught that we were put on this earth to be of service to others. I have worked hard to follow that principle diligently in church, community business and political endeavors.

The church is important in our society. It teaches us to be positive, constructive influences—faithfully doing good works which advance truth, justice, compassion, peace, freedom, opportunity and responsibility.



Gordon and friends during Crusades for Christ meeting at Baptist Assembly grounds, Green Lake, Wisconsin.

Chapter 6

On Amelia and Our Children

Gordon never fell out of love with Amelia . . .

—Kay Tusler Bubolz (daughter-in-law)

Remembering Gordon



Gordon and Amelia, early 1980's.

I met Amelia Juve on July 21, 1935.

Martin G. Hougen, a leading citizen of Stoughton, Wisconsin and a friend of mine, helped me write insurance for the Home Mutual Casualty Company, which I had founded. The respect and confidence his friends and neighbors had in him helped us write many automobile and property policies. Our successes prompted me to suggest that I spend a weekend in Stoughton to secure more policies the next week. Martin responded, "It is very important that you stay for the weekend and go to West Koshkonong Lutheran Church on Sunday. Then our area people will know who you are and will have confidence in you when we call on them."

That Sunday, Martin and I attended church services and a recognition festival honoring a community and church leader. After dinner, a beautiful young lady, Amelia Juve, sang several solos. I noticed that Amelia visited the cemetery after the program. When she returned, I inquired, "How are they doing out there?" Her quick response was, "They're very quiet," and she continued walking toward the church.

Getting to Know Her

A misfortune turned out to be my good fortune. Amelia's mother, Olive, had been in-

volved in a minor accident the night before, and the family car was out of commission. Since I knew they had no transportation, I offered Amelia's mother, who was working in the church kitchen, a ride home. She said, "You are a busy person and I don't mind walking. Our house is only one-half mile from here."

I replied, "You've been working hard serving food and washing dishes and shouldn't walk home. I will be your chauffeur." She agreed.

By taking her home, I had the chance to meet Amelia, who had walked back earlier and was watering the flowers when we arrived.



Lake View Sanatorium, Madison, 1933.

A nurse at Wisconsin General Hospital in Madison, Amelia had to be at work at 11 p.m. Thanks again to the inoperable Juve car, I could offer her a ride to work. On the way to Madison, I sensed from our conversation the sincere feeling, care, and concern Amelia had, and still has, for others.

Shoes

After dropping her off, I was a few miles from the hospital when I noticed that Amelia had left her nursing shoes in my car. I thought, now what do I do? I couldn't carry the shoes in the city of Madison at midnight without looking suspicious. I would have paid 10 dollars for a newspaper to wrap them in, but the drugstores and newsstands were closed. I knew that Amelia had to have them, so I parked on University Avenue and walked several blocks to the hospital. There were grins at the nurses' desk. The incident was an interesting topic of conversation that night!

Courtship

Two months after we met, I was at a Chicago hospital recovering from an appendicitis operation. I was elated when Amelia sent me her picture. I had been doing insurance company field work in the Eau Claire, Wisconsin, area when I experienced an attack of pain. I called my brother Dick, a doctor in Chicago, who told me to leave my car in Eau Claire and take a train there so he could examine me. My appendix had to be removed immediately.

In those days, you didn't leave your bed for at least two weeks after surgery, and you didn't drive a car for even longer. After I got back to Appleton, Amelia came by bus to see me, which gave her the opportunity to meet my parents. My mother, whose name was Emilie (pronounced like "Amelia"), was ecstatic about meeting the lovely young lady who had come so far to visit her youngest son!

During Amelia's visit, she stopped at my office on College Avenue in Appleton. One of our field representatives saw her in the reception room. He couldn't wait to tell me that there was a charming young lady in the waiting room whom I should meet. He said it was important for me to find her a position in the company. Little did he know that Amelia's

Thanksgiving Day Chosen By Couples for Marriage

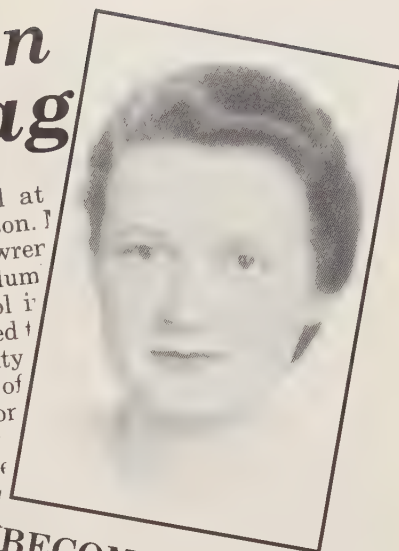
At a noon ceremony today in the Lutheran church at West Koshkonong, Gordon Bubolz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bubolz, 66 N. Bellaire court, will take as his bride Miss Amelia Juve, Madison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sever Juve, Lake Kegonsa. The service will be read by the Rev. C.E. Quill. The bride will be attended by Mr. Bubolz' sister, Gertrude, of Appleton, and Wilbert Spanagel, Waupun, will be groomsmen.

A reception will be held this

noon at the home of the bride's parents. After a 10-day motor trip to Lincoln and Omaha, Neb., Mr. and Mrs. Bubolz will make their home at 407 N. Mason Street. The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bubolz, and his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin C. Jesse, Appleton, will be among the out of town guests at the wedding.

Miss Juve, who has appeared as a vocal soloist with groups in Madison and Milwaukee, was graduated in 1932 from the nursing

school at Madison. I of Lawrer in Colum school i tended t versity tary of ty cor tary ance ren Ch.



BECOMES BRIDE

Miss Amelia Juve, above, Madison, will become Mrs. Gordon Bubolz at a ceremony this noon at the Lutheran church at West Kashkonong. Following a trip, Mr. Bubolz and his bride will make their home at 407 N. Mason Street.

visit to Appleton was the milestone that would begin a loving, lifelong relationship.

Marriage

Amelia and I were married at noon on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1935.

Following a wedding dinner at the Juve home, Amelia and I left for a two-week honeymoon trip to Kansas City. Our first stop was in Dubuque, Iowa, where we discovered that one of Amelia's shoes was missing as the result of a trick played by her sister. The day after our wedding, my first responsibility as a husband was to buy my new wife a pair of shoes. I considered this a heartwarming privilege! (As you can see, shoes figured significantly in both our courtship and marriage!)

We started our more than 50 years of married happiness together in Appleton, Wisconsin where my insurance business was located. My income was modest in the new company—only \$100 per month. This was enough to pay the house rent, which was \$35, and the living expenses, which were about \$35, leaving \$30 for church, social, and community activities. Prior to our marriage, Amelia had been earning \$60 per month. Money was worth more then, and not having that income to spend was quite a concession on Amelia's part.

Church

Because it was so nice being together in our first home, I suggested one Sunday morning that we stay home from church.

"Now, Gordon," said Amelia, "Let's not start our married life this way. We need spiritual nourishment every Sunday, the one day set aside for renewing and strengthening our faith."

When I was younger, my family *always* attended church unless members were ill or other urgent circumstances prevented it, but I thought that since we were beginning our married life, Amelia and I should spend at least one Sunday at home together. Amelia believed—and she was right—that our worship with the Lord was very important because it would become the binding and harmonizing component of a successful marriage.

Amelia's parents, members of a Bible-centered Norwegian church, were initially concerned about her worshiping with me at First English Lutheran Church in Appleton. However, her mother was pleased during one of her visits to hear our pastor preach, "By faith are you saved, not through good works lest any man should boast."

Our First Married Christmas

Because my parents were German and Amelia's were Norwegian, our family traditions had a wonderful influence on our family life. On our first Christmas Eve together, Amelia introduced me to her traditions. "Gordon," she said, "Christmas Eve is a time of family togetherness when we enjoy food and fellowship. This togetherness has done much to develop a love and gratefulness for our family."

So, our first Christmas Eve family dinner consisted of lutefisk, lefsa, sandbakelse, mashed potatoes with plenty of melted butter, and other Norwegian delicacies. After dinner, we opened the gifts that Santa left for us and happily blended our two national heritages by attending the 11 p.m. church service. We also attended church on Christmas Day. Amelia wore a beautiful Norwegian costume, which added color and brightness to our Christmas day festivities.

Our Children

Our marriage has been blessed with three sons and one daughter: Allen, Milly, John, and Jerry. Since my service in the legislature and business trips required me to away from home quite often, Amelia had the primary responsibility of raising our children. Her love and guidance were a bedrock for their futures. When I asked Amelia to tell me in a few words what her guiding principles were for raising our children, she replied, "Two words—behave yourselves." This includes being kind, honest, having a desire to be helpful (even with little thoughtfulnesses), demonstrating a gratefulness to God, and always showing respect to others.

It is a delight for Amelia and me to see how our children and grandchildren are developing their humanitarian-service vocations and professions, working to make each day better for themselves and for others.



Christmas picture taken at the family home on River Drive in Appleton (circa 1947).



A doll among dolls. An early picture of Amelia immersed in her doll collection, now housed at Secura.

Chapter 7

On Serving as a Legislator

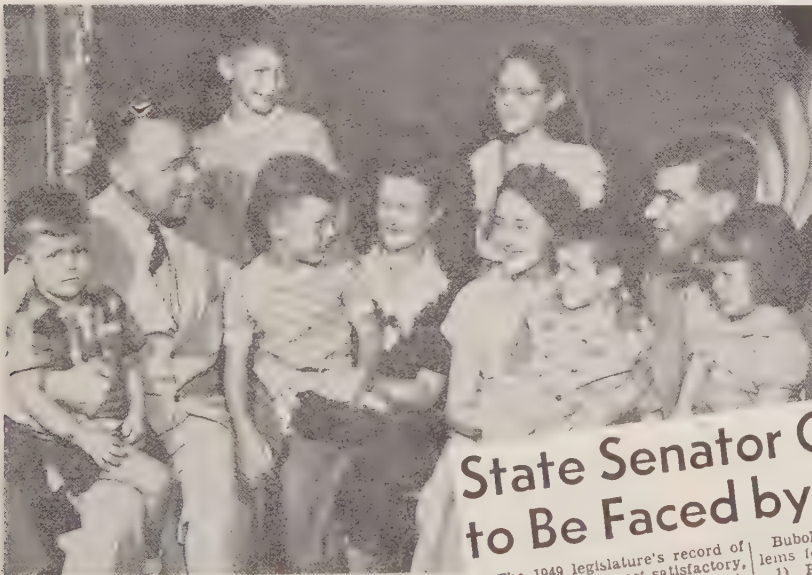
I remember going on campaign outings with Dad—stopping at all the bars and grocery stores in the Shawano and environs circuit—and how amazed I was that he could just walk up to all these strangers, talk about them and their concerns, laugh and joke and leave their friend. He always introduced me and made me feel real important. About the same time (I must have been 8-12 years old), we'd campaign at the Shawano fair—usually as a family, once just Dad and me.

I loved those fairs—the horse trot races, throwing ping-pong balls into goldfish bowls and taking home a goldfish—and best of all, the time Dad spent at least \$8 (a fortune to me) and one hour tossing hoops to win one of those fancy “bed” dolls. He had a way of making me feel like his very special friend and equal on our outings rather than a little girl.

He wasn't always just my buddy. I remember “acting up” when he took me to the Senate and him hauling me down between the Senators to the lobby to give me a good spanking.

—Amelia (Milly) Bubolz Rugland, 1991
Remembering Dad . . .

EAU CLAIRE LEADER - JULY 29, 1949



State Senator Outlines Problems to Be Faced by Next Legislature

Senators Confer—

When State Senators Arthur Bubolz of Appleton met here Thursday, Mrs. Padrut, Johnny Padrut, Sen. Padrut, and Ja

“The 1949 legislature's record of achievement was most satisfactory,” said Sen. Gordon A. Bubolz (R.), in an interview here Thursday. “As I view it, its record of performance excels that of the legislative sessions in a good many years.”

Bubolz, with his wife and four children, stopped en route to Minneapolis to visit with Sen. Arthur Padrut (R.), Chippewa Falls, with whom he worked closely during the recently completed session. He said the legislative session was successful due to the calibre of men in the senate and assembly, the work of the legislative council, and co-operation between the governor's office and the legislature.

Bubolz listed five major problems for the 1951 legislature:

- 1) Re-evaluation of our highway program in terms of long-range needs. The 1949 legislature authorized an appropriation of \$30,000 for the study to be made by a joint committee to report to the 1951 legislature. This will include a review of primary and secondary highways, state, county and town roads and allocation of our tax laws so that we may determine whether our method of securing revenues is as equitable as it should be in providing for a multiplicity of state services.
- 2) Re-evaluation of law enforcement methods, especially dealing with the commission of serious crimes, which are becoming too numerous.
- 3) Study of our welfare aids and the question whether improvements in methods of allocation and distribution between county and state can be improved.
- 4) A thorough review of our administrative services and functions of state government. This should make certain that duplication and needless services are dispensed with, thus holding costs of government to a minimum. This will be one of the major projects of the 1949-51 legislative council.

“There is much work for the legislative council in the interim before the next session opens,” the Senator stressed.

Capitol Buzzing About Choice of GOP's Bubolz to Head Commission

Post-Crescent Madison Bureau

MADISON—The selection of a prominent Republican as chairman of the advisory commission of a controversial new division of the Democratic state administration has provided fuel for politicians' conversation during the new Wisconsin legislative session.



Bubolz Gordon Bubolz of Appleton, lawyer and in-

urance executive, is the new chairman of the board of advisors of the Department of Economic Resource Development. Director of that agency is David Carley, one of Gov. Nelson's most prominent lieutenants and a man refused confirmation by the Republican Senate two years ago.

Nelson has resubmitted Carley's name to the new Republican Senate, where it is unlikely to be approved. But the Capitol is wondering whether Bubolz will intervene with his Republican friends and whether he will be effective if he does.

Credentials Good

The Republican party credentials of the Appleton businessman are in good order. He served several terms as a state senator, is a leader in the GOP organization of historically Republican Outagamie County and was a candidate for party endorsement for the governorship in 1950.

He was named to the advisory commission by Gov. Nelson, and

at its organization meeting, without any previous indication of such a plan, he was nominated for the chairmanship of the group and elected unanimously.

Gov. Nelson has indicated that he will reappoint Carley even if the second nomination is refused approval by the Senate, which is legally possible under the act creating the new agency.

Expects More

He has also informed the Legislature that he expects the new department to propose a series of new programs for a more forceful administration of regional and urban planning and resource protection and development.

Bubolz is a leading advocate of a state-led system of water resources conservation through the creation of a new state Water Resources Board. Gov. Nelson has endorsed the proposal, as has a study committee of the Legislative Council. Under the present draft of the enabling act, the new agency would be a division of the Carley department.

served as Senator until 1953.

Newly elected senators were customarily seated next to senior senators. I had the good fortune of sitting next to Senator Gus Buchen, a man of great talent.

A newly elected senator was wise not to become too active in introducing legislation. Senators who had served one or more sessions had a broader knowledge of legislative proposals and laws that would best serve the public's needs and interests.

During my first term in the Senate, I limited myself to one legislative proposal: To reduce the time required for filing claims against a decedent's estate from four to three months. The bill passed and became law.

The year was 1944. I was running for senator of Wisconsin's 14th District which included Outagamie and Shawano Counties with a combined population of 100,000 residents. I was one of three Republican candidates.

One of my opponents, a distinguished attorney in Appleton, was quite an orator. He believed that the way to build himself up and defeat me was to give a radio talk the night before the primary election. To the radio audience he said: "My opponent, Mr. Gordon Bubolz, is a fine young man, but he doesn't know anything about politics. When you go to Madison, you have to know a lot about politics and I am the one who has political connections." Since many people were skeptical of candidates who boasted about being professional politicians, this was a real boost in my favor. His statement won me the election.

I won the September primary in both Shawano and Outagamie Counties. In the general election in November, I was elected state senator, took office in January of 1945 and

In my second session, I was chairman of the Insurance, Banking, Labor and Management Committee. During my third session, I chaired the Committee on Committees that was responsible for naming committee chairmen and members to conduct hearings on bills and resolutions, and making a recommendation to the senate for or against a proposal.

During every session of the Wisconsin legislature, 500 to 900 bills are introduced by both Houses. Following are some of the issues I encountered while a senator.

Motor Vehicle Department Procedures

In the 1940's Wisconsin car owners experienced long delays in receiving license plate renewals and replies to licensing problems from the Motor Vehicle Department. A response often took two to six months. I introduced and secured passage of a joint resolution to appoint a committee representing both Houses to investigate the department. Our studies uncovered vast disorganization and lack of efficient procedures.

I headed the Joint Legislative Committee which prepared a bill to remove the director of the Motor Vehicle Department. The director,

Power Wielders in State Senate



Probably the three most influential members of the Wisconsin state senate are the legislators shown above, who constitute the powerful committee on committees which controls all committee assignments in the upper house of the Wisconsin legislature. Shown, left to right, are Senators Jess Miller, Richland Center, Gordon Bubolz, Appleton, and Warren P. Knowles, New Richmond. Miller and Bubolz also head other important standing committees and Knowles is the Republican majority floor leader of the senate. (Jack Glassen Photo).

adept at conjuring up political opposition and hurdles to the reorganization, traveled around the state convincing political leaders to oppose the bill. However, his death a year later enabled the governor to appoint a successor and, under his leadership, competent management and operating improvements were realized.

Prisons and Public Welfare Institutions

Wisconsin residents were also concerned about the lack of proper facilities and humane

care of inmates in prisons and public welfare institutions. Both Houses of the legislature approved a resolution to study the problem.

The Joint Legislative Committee, which I chaired, visited prisons and institutions, diagnosed the problems, and proposed a broad-based update, including a bill to reorganize the Department of Health and Public Welfare. The bill proposed the abolishment and replacement of the board with authority to name a new director. At a public hearing, upon discovering that the current director and board had never even considered a reorganization

plan during their term, the bill was overwhelmingly approved by both Houses. The governor named a new board, the board named a new director, and the reorganizational improvements were implemented.

Educational Programs

Modernization of the state's educational programs was greatly needed. Wisconsin had about 2,300 small, one-room rural schools that lacked sufficient financing to provide updated educational opportunities for our children. A joint legislative proposal, which Assemblyman Grover Broadfoot and I co-chaired, paved the way for smaller districts to merge with larger ones. The bill became law and enabled the new, larger school districts to secure adequate funding for modern buildings, equipment and college-trained teachers.

A number of legislators feared that their decisions to abolish the small, one-room schools would incite voters to oppose them for reelection. This did happen. About half of the assemblymen who voted for the new educational program were defeated, as were some senators who supported the measure. To their everlasting credit, it must be said that it was their honest conviction that, come what may, quality education would be a most valuable asset to our state and its future.

Another bill that would have had decided impact on education was one that would transfer the administrative authority of our vocational education program from the vocational and technical education boards to local municipalities. Vocational education leaders felt that this would weaken vocational education. With the help of legislators dedicated to a strong vocational education program, we defeated the bill. Had it passed, the bill could have stunted proven vocational education values and their positive, dynamic direction in Wisconsin.

Banking Districts

During the 1940's, our state's banks were faced with a major problem. Wisconsin had three separate banking districts, each with its respective district board of commissioners with authority to establish rules and regulations for each district. The problem was a lack

of uniformity in regulatory criteria and supervision of Wisconsin's banks.

As chairman of the Senate's Insurance, Banking, Labor and Management Committee, I asked the district banking commissioners and directors to meet with the committee to consider consolidating the three districts into one with a single Banking Commission Board and director. This would not only reduce operating costs but would bring about feasible uniformity. Although the administrators and their boards initially agreed that one district would be in the public interest, for personal and political reasons they later decided they were not in accord with the change. However, based on their original letter of support to the Senate, the bill for a statewide uniform banking law was enacted.

State Departments

The Joint Legislative Advisory Committee of State Agencies, which I chaired, concluded that our state government had too many departments and that some had outlived the need and purpose for which they were created. Griffenhagen and Associates, management consultants employed by the legislature, cited much overlapping and duplication of functions and services in the 47 government departments. To save tax dollars and produce greater efficiencies, the legislature decided to abolish some departments and consolidate others.

Licensing of Insurance Agents

While I was a graduate student at the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance in Philadelphia, I wrote a thesis on the mandatory licensing of property and casualty insurance agents. A number of states, including Wisconsin, allowed companies to appoint property and casualty agents without training for professional performance. My thesis set forth the public-interest need for licensing and regulatory essentials.

Twelve years later, as a state senator, I co-sponsored the property and casualty agents' licensing bill. Both Houses of the legislature were in accord with the bill and it became law. Property and casualty insurance companies, as well as agents, were upgraded and strengthened.

Bubolz Heads Interim Council

Will Succeed Laird As Chairman of Key Legislative Group

State Senator Gordon A. Bubolz this morning was elected chairman of the legislative council of the Wisconsin state legislature. He succeeds State Senator Melvin R. Laird, Marshfield, who has been elected to congress from the Seventh Congressional district.

The legislative council is the interim organization which plans legislation between sessions of the legislature. The group is divided into various committees which study and prepare laws in various fields and present the bills to the entire lawmaking body.

By virtue of holding the chairmanship, Senator Bubolz will be in charge of most bills which come before the legislature at the 1953 session which opens in the middle of January. Bubolz will hold the position until May 1.

In November, Bubolz was attending a meeting of the legislative council when he was taken ill. He remained in the Wisconsin General hospital for several days of rest and recuperation.

Bubolz

Under the Dome

Bubolz Once Called 'Wisconsin Taft'

BY JOHN WYNGAARD

Madison — One of the big seats in the Wisconsin state legislature is vacant as the 1953 legislative session winds up its session.



Wyngaard

Senator Gordon A. Bubolz of Appleton, one of the most energetic and diligent men who has served in the legislative branch of the state government in modern times, recently decided that the grind of the statehouse was too much for him and handed in his resignation in mid-term. Senator Bubolz' abrupt retirement from the legislature illustrates one of the basic problems of legislative politics

—how to attract and retain an eminently successful businessman in his own locality, he took a delight in a legislative job that paid him a financial reward that was paltry by his business standards. He had reached the most useful part of his legislative experience when, like so many others before him, he withdrew.

His stature in the legislature can be understood from the responsibilities and work his colleagues imposed upon him from the beginning. Few men of the last decade have held so many committee chairmanships or won so many other proofs of success and trust in the business of making laws for the people of Wisconsin.

THE LIKENESS

A few years ago a reporter newly assigned to the legisla-

tive press gallery was putting questions to an older hand about legislative personalities and issues.

After watching for a while he pointed to the Appleton representative and said "what about him?"

The senior newsmen tried to explain Bubolz—his enormous appetite and capacity for work, his incessant curiosity about all the things before the legislature, his utter candor and inability to indulge in the more common habits of partisanship and politics, his conception of fairness, and his frank acknowledgment of the politician.

"I see," said the newcomer. "He's a Wisconsin Taft."

There was nothing frivolous about Gordon Bubolz the senator and one of the ranking leaders of the Republican legislature. There was about him

an almost painful attention to duty and an implausible sense of responsibility to the wishes of his constituents.

There was also tendency to snap judgments, but it was happily qualified by a lawyer-like quality of admitting opposition evidence and arguments.

Once a constituent in Outagamie county complained to Bubolz about the policies of the state child welfare division with respect to the adoption of parents for the adoption of children. Parents over 40, or some such age, were discriminated against, according to the complaint. Bubolz was then chairman of a relevant legislative interim investigating committee. Promptly he called a meeting and summoned the welfare department to testify. It looked like a punitive effort, if the legislature ever saw one.

PERSUADED

The state officials came and politely but firmly explained the basis of their rules and policies. Elderly parents of adoptive children are unsatisfactory for a variety of reasons, and especially when there is so much competition among the younger couples wanting children, they explained. Bubolz listened carefully, announced at the conclusion of the hearing that he was convinced of the justification of the rule, and dropped the matter.

A persistence that other legislators lack and a faculty for drawing public attention to the causes he regarded as vital were also useful characteristics. Some legislators less apt sometimes were inclined to resent his methods, but usually it turned out that what they thought was an effort to draw publicity to himself was actually a well-thought out design to get public understanding and support for a legislative bill or other program.

There has always been a good deal of "hit and run" politics in the legislature. Politicians will make a speech or introduce a bill or resolution, and then tire of the matter. Bubolz had that stubborn, persistent drive that brought results in the matters he regarded as important. His legislative career can be marked down as a successful one, irrespective of political alignment.

Multiple-Line Coverage

It was interesting to note that previous legislatures required separate licensing of companies, depending on whether they wrote life, liability, property, casualty, marine or other specialized lines of insurance.

When automobiles became the principal means of transportation in the 1920's and 1930's, this policy continued. At the time, highways and rural roadways had many perilous conditions. Safeguards against combining more hazardous auto accident risks with less dangerous lines of insurance were needed.

The probability of heavier losses on certain kinds of insured risks prompted the legislature to determine that life insurance companies should not be mixed with more hazardous lines. Property insurance companies writing fire, tornado and extended coverage insurance were not allowed to write automobile liability and personal injury risks.

By the 1940's, sufficient auto accident loss experience had been accumulated and premium charges could be actuarially determined for each loss category. The growth and financial stability of casualty insurance carriers had become strong enough to safely engage in the writing of multiple-line coverages.

In the early 1950's, a multiple-lines statute was enacted to permit financially sound companies to cover numerous kinds of risks in a single contract. This was a great step forward.

Agents could provide their clients with total insurance coverage in one policy. The multiple-line trend also helped check the number of companies and reduce the number and administrative cost of agency licenses.

Insurance Company Financial Reserves

Another accomplishment during my time in the legislature was the Insurance Department's recommendation that companies' financial resources and minimum surplus requirements be increased. In earlier days, minimum reserves were small. In view of the economic growth and rapid increase in the size of risks, a minimum financial reserve of \$2 million was mandatory for domestic companies.

Times change, as do attitudes. Our laws must be periodically updated to augment new growth advances for public progress and human development. I often think of Senator Daniel Webster's words: "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it."

Not everyone can take time away from their vocations or professions to serve in the legislature. For those who do have that opportunity, this responsibility is a privilege. An inscription on the wall of the Wisconsin Governor's reception room says it aptly: "The people are the supreme court of last resort."

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN



1991 Senate Joint Resolution 19

 ENROLLED J O I N T R E S O L U T I O N

Relating to the life and public service of Gordon Bubolz.

Whereas, Gordon Bubolz was born on September 10, 1905, in rural Outagamie county and died on October 12, 1990, in Appleton; and

Whereas, Mr. Bubolz was a graduate of Lawrence University, the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance of the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Wisconsin-Madison law school; and

Whereas, he served in the Wisconsin senate for 5 legislative sessions beginning in 1945, applying his knowledge of business and finance in his work on the Corporations and Taxation and Labor and Management Committees, and he became chairperson of the latter committee; and

Whereas, Mr. Bubolz for decades was a tireless worker for the preservation of the environment; raising funds for and helping to organize High Cliff State Park, the Woodland Dunes Nature Center, Mukwa Marsh, Mosquito Hill, Mount Morris Hills Park, Hayman Falls, Waukau Creek, Hobbs Woods, Fallen Timbers and the Wolf River Basin Regional Planning Commission, an amazing array of contributions for which he was honored by the establishment of the Gordon Bubolz Nature Center; and

Whereas, in addition to his other accomplishments, he was an astute, energetic and highly successful businessperson; now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the senate, the assembly concurring, That the members of the legislature of the state of Wisconsin hereby commend the substantial, varied contributions that Gordon Bubolz made to the Wisconsin legislature and to this state, and express their sorrow at his death and extend their condolences to his family and friends; and, be it further

Resolved, That the senate chief clerk shall provide copies of this joint resolution to his wife, Amelia Bubolz, and to his children, Amelia Rugland, G. Allen Bubolz, John S. Bubolz and Rev. Gerald Bubolz.

Walter J. Kunicki
 Representative Walter J. Kunicki
 Speaker of the Assembly

Fred A. Risser
 Senator Fred A. Risser
 President of the Senate

March 4, 1991
 Date

Donald J. Schneider
 Donald J. Schneider
 Senate Chief Clerk

Chapter 8

On the Environment

Dad believed in preserving and enjoying the environment. One of my favorite memories of my father involves the time we set off into Rev. W. E. Lange's Muckwa Marsh in two different skiffs during duck hunting season. After a short time I heard a muffled gunshot thru the lowland trees . . . Then nothing. Moments later, I heard a frantic "Help . . . Help." Panicked, I paddled my skiff toward the sound of Dad's voice. There he stood, a one-inch water geyser rapidly filling the skiff. He had accidentally shot a hole in the bottom of the skiff. We did a makeshift patching job and headed back to the landing together. Dad, who didn't like to appear foolish, never said a word to anyone about this incident and said to me, "Allen, I don't think it's important that this story be told."

—Allen Bubolz, 1991
Remembering Dad

During my Senate days, my love of nature led to my appointment to the Joint Water Resources Committee which had been set up to prepare guidelines for protecting surface and ground waters and recommending shoreline soil-erosion safeguards. Fellow Senator Fred Kaftan of Green Bay was particularly concerned about the pollution which was destroying the Fox River. He asked me to cosponsor a bill authorizing the Conservation Commission to take the action necessary to prevent further contamination of the Fox River—an enormous undertaking. Even with the well-thought-out action plan, restoring the quality of the water has been a difficult and time-consuming effort.

There were many other environmental concerns. The beautiful wilderness and unique natural areas of Wisconsin were rapidly disappearing. The public demanded results-producing programs to save them.

High Cliff

My friend Louis Nelson of Kaukauna, noted for his civic involvement, invited me to meet with a group concerned with saving the spectacular High Cliff Forest on the northeastern shore of Lake Winnebago. The "Love High



Cliff" group urged that I bring this matter to the attention of the Conservation Commission at its next meeting in Madison.

When I appeared before the Commission and informed its chairman that High Cliff had geographical and historical Indian topography and should be preserved, his response was, simply, "We have no money. Next order of business, please!"



High Cliff Park, which will be purchased for a state park, overlooks Lake Winnebago. The 288 acre area will cost the state \$245,000. The site has a lake frontage of 10,000 feet. The property was owned by the Western Lime & Cement Co., which will remove its buildings from the site.

I returned to the Conservation Commission one month later and said, "Mr. Chairman, when I asked you to save High Cliff, you said that you had no money. We are willing to organize a group to raise some money. The people of northeastern Wisconsin want High Cliff saved. How much do you want us to raise?" He quickly responded, "\$25,000."

Two months later I returned and informed the Commission that High Cliff Forest Park Association, the group that we formed, had raised \$27,000.

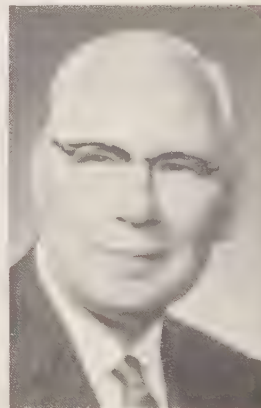
"We really would like to save the area," the Chairman said, "but, in reviewing the required funding, we find that the key 288 acres would cost \$250,000, and we don't have that much money."

"Yes you do," I told him. "The Kettle Moraine fund of Wisconsin has \$4.5 million. This can be used to purchase the High Cliff area because it is in the Kettle Moraine district, which extends from Manitowoc to Janesville, and includes Calumet and Outagamie counties."

"If that's the case," the Chairman responded, "please prepare a resolution that will enable us to proceed with the acquisition of High Cliff. The Commission will adopt it tomorrow morning."

Before formally adopting the resolution, the Commission decided to look at the area. Although it had been raining steadily for three weeks, the day the commission chose to look at High Cliff, the sun was shining.

"Mr. Bubolz," said the Chairman, "after



Gordon A. Bubolz

The Fox Cities spotlight salutes Gordon A. Bubolz, Appleton, in recognition for his per-

sistent efforts during the last five years to make High Cliff Forest park a reality.

In 1951, when he was state senator, he became interested in the idea of a forest park on the northeastern shore of Lake Winnebago when he attended a joint meeting of county Conservation clubs.

Under his leadership the present High Cliff Forest park association organized to promote the park among a wider group and he became the organization's general chairman. It was then he went to work, organizing a team of volunteer experts to explore possibilities of the High Cliff area for data to present to the conservation commission. Hours and hours of his time went into telephone and personal conversations with state officials; he kept the local association's interest from flagging; the drive to raise \$27,000 went forward under his organization.

Last Monday Bubolz was re-elected chairman of the High Cliff park project by a rising vote of the members of the organization in annual meeting.

three weeks of rain, the sun is shining today. The Lord must be with you."

"Yes," I said, "God surely wants this area saved. High Cliff is a blessing to the people of Wisconsin."

The late Doty Bayorgeon, former mayor of Kaukauna, issued several press releases and made speeches concerning the public benefits that would be realized by the state's acquisition of High Cliff. Efforts to save High Cliff inspired people in other communities to team

up and save unique natural areas of local and regional interest.

Hayman Falls

The Shawano County Recreation Association asked the Conservation Commission to help persuade the Wisconsin Electric Power Company to donate the 132-acre Hayman Falls, located on the middle branch of the Embarrass River, to their county. Since the dam was no longer needed to produce electricity the power company agreed.

I attended the Shawano county board meeting to present the matter for the board's consideration. A number of county board members strongly opposed the acquisition, contending that they didn't want to expose the county to liability lawsuits that might result from personal injuries at the Falls. I asked for a 15-minute recess and suggested to the president of Wisconsin Electric Power Company that the offer be sweetened by \$1,000 in order to provide a fund from which payments could be made if such injuries occurred. Convinced that the power company was doing all it could, the board, by a vote of 36 to 4, decided to save the Hayman Falls site. It has become an extremely popular Shawano County recreation area.

Mosquito Hill

Mosquito Hill, located in the western part of Outagamie County near New London, was another privately owned scenic site. Its steep, hilly terrain made it ideal for snow skiers.

Nature lovers wanted its scenic grandeur preserved.

The owner was willing to sell the 238-acre tract for \$25,000. Natural Areas Preservation, Inc. (NAPI), a conservation group I had founded, asked the county board to purchase Mosquito Hill. The first step involved an appraisal by the Highway Transportation Committee. Since one-third of the tract was swamp and wetland near the Wolf River, the committee was concerned that there would be insufficient land high enough for roads. It placed a value of \$14,000 on the property.

Fred Hoffman, former president of NAPI, proudly presented a check for \$11,000 to the county board.

Fred put it this way: "We can't take the money with us. We have to save the land while we can. The Creator isn't making such beautiful wilderness areas anymore." The county board concurred and appropriated the remaining \$14,000.

The people of Outagamie county are elated that Mosquito Hill was saved. A nature center has been built there, featuring a staff of naturalists who interpret ecological and geological features for students and tourists.

Center Swamp— The Gordon Bubolz Nature Preserve

Center Swamp, located about three miles northwest of Appleton on County Trunk A in Outagamie County, was also recognized by wilderness beauty advocates as an area vital to the future of the county and state. When the three landowners secured title to Center

Nature preserve at Center renamed for Gordon Bubolz

The Center Nature Area in the towns of Grand Chute and Center adjacent to County Trunk A was renamed the Gordon Bubolz Nature Preserve during a meeting of Natural Areas Preservation, Inc., Monday at Home Mutual Insurance Co.

Bubolz was praised for leading efforts to preserve Mosquito Hill, the Black Creek Wildlife Preserve, Waukau Creek in Winnebago County, Hobbs Woods in Fond du Lac

County and Woodland Dunes in Manitowoc County as well as High Cliff State Park.

Three nature trails have been completed at the renamed preserve, according to a report by Steve Fleming, secretary of the organization, and Mike Brandel, resident conservationist.

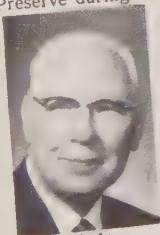
Dr. Phil Lewis, chairman of the University of Wisconsin department of landscape architecture and nature awareness programs, is assisting in development of the area. Lewis and his staff are working on a building with classrooms, exhibits, and a plant and a wildlife museum which schools, stu-

dents, and community groups may use for nature study and outdoor enjoyment.

Eight high schools were represented at the meeting and students elected officers to a newly formed Student Environmental Education Council subsidiary of Natural Areas Preservation.

The student officers named were Jean

Cherveny, Menasha High School, president; John Casey, Xavier High School, vice president; and Diane Probst, Kimberly High School, secretary-treasurer. Other schools represented were Appleton East, Seymour High, Winterhi Alternative School, Fox Valley Luther and Armstrong High School; Neenah



Bubolz



Nature center at Gordon Bubolz Nature Preserve, town of Grand Chute. The Center's most unique feature is the blending with nature's scenic grandeur in design and construction. The building facility will be used to help instruct the public on how mankind can exist in harmony with nature; serving as a demonstration point for new concepts (the value of underground architecture, passive solar design, wind-generated power and solar heated water), and to provide useful aids for nature orientation study for area schools. Meeting room facilities for community groups in a setting of natural beauty in another of its attractive and functional features.

Swamp, their hopes had been optimistic that the fertile, mucky land would grow an abundance of potatoes. Four years out of five, however, rain drowned the spuds. The owners were then anxious to sell the land to NAPI to be relieved of future taxes.

Once again, local support had to be mustered. NAPI secured a \$33,000 donation from a company whose board of directors decided to honor its founder for his devotion to conserving the wonders of nature. With this money, 488 acres of Center Swamp were purchased from the three-owner partnership.

Center Swamp now totals approximately 720 acres. The board of directors of NAPI overruled me when I objected to receiving credit for the part I played in its acquisition. They asked me to step aside as chairman of the meeting. When I did, they named a temporary chairman who entertained a motion, which was seconded and carried, to name Center Swamp the Gordon Bubolz Nature Preserve. Chairmanship of the meeting was then turned back to me.

Fallen Timbers Nature Center

The third outstanding natural area saved in Outagamie County is located two miles east of Black Creek, south of Highway 54. It contains 440 acres of indigenous trees, plants and native wildlife species. There is an old log cabin on the tract that a "muzzle loaders" club once used as their hunting shack. The land had an excellent stand of American trees, but since Dutch elm disease was threatening them, NAPI authorized a lumber company to buy them immediately after the sale for \$2,700. That money was applied toward the \$60,000 purchase price of the land. Foresighted Seymour businessmen made substantial contributions toward its purchase; the balance was donated by Fort Howard Paper Company, which added another \$4,000 for an outdoor comfort station.

The Seymour High School students were asked to select a name for the preserve. Because people heard the falling and crashing noises of the big timbers during the cutting of

the elms, they cleverly named it Fallen Timbers Nature Center.

Mukwa Marsh

The 1,000-acre Mukwa Marsh is located a short distance west of New London, south of Highway 54. Woody Nader, Reverend W.E. Lange, and other Wolf River enthusiasts and naturalists asked NAPI to help secure a favorable decision from the Department of Natural Resources to save Mukwa Marsh. Public interest played an important part in the decision of the state to acquire and save the marsh.

Waukau Creek

Waukau Creek, located four miles south of Omro in Winnebago County, flows out of Rush Lake over beautiful falls between two wooded hills. Walleye spawn there during the spring. Waukau Creek flows into the upper Fox River, which merges with the 220-mile Wolf River about two miles west of Oshkosh and becomes the lower Fox after it flows out of Lake Winnebago to Green Bay.

Hobbs Woods

Hobbs Woods, which has a trout stream flowing between two wooded hills, is five miles south of the city of Fond du Lac. NAPI, along with the Winnebago Conservation Club, raised \$14,000 as an initial acquisition-incentive fund. When the voluntary contributions were called to the attention of a well-known member of the Fond du Lac county board, an enthusiastic outdoorsman, he succeeded in getting the county board's approval of the additional \$41,000 needed to complete the \$55,000 purchase price of Hobbs Woods.

Mt. Morris Hills

For a number of years, civic leaders in Waushara County made an effort to save Mt. Morris Hills, located six miles east of Wautoma. Because most of the other land in Waushara County is flat and sandy and not economically productive, we knew it would not be easy to tax land and property owners to save this scenic area. The high elevation, beautifully wooded slopes and the potential for the growing interest in snow skiing did, however, lend

itself to winning public support.

Several meetings were held in Wautoma and at Mt. Morris Hills at which I was asked to speak in favor of saving Mt. Morris. After my talk on the advantages and benefits to the people of Waushara County, a gentleman in the audience stood up and said, "I suppose you think we are all in favor of saving Mt. Morris Hills. Well, we're not!" My response was, "Well, then, let's find out how many are against it." When only one-third of the 70 people present indicated their opposition, it was evident that we had won.

Woodland Dunes

In the mid-1970's, I received a letter from a Manitowoc County resident whom I did not know—Mr. Bernard Brouchoud—pleading that I help save the Woodland Dunes wilderness area near Two Rivers. The "Dunes" part of the name comes from the long mounds of solid wet sand that were formed under Lake Michigan and remained in what became a wetland forest after the lake receded several miles from the mainland. The Twin Rivers adjoining Woodland Dunes, provide valuable water and wildlife vegetation cover. My reaction was: How can this person whom I have never even heard of ask me to take on this responsibility? I called Mr. Brouchoud to obtain more information. Bernie and his wife Lynn took me on a tour of Woodland Dunes. After concluding our tour, Lynn served us a delightful snack which we enjoyed against the backdrop of the magnificent wonders of nature.

When the NAPI board approved the purchase of Woodland Dunes, Bernie and I called on the landowners to begin our purchasing efforts. It was a thrill to learn that they, too, were in favor of preserving the 1,200-acre landscape of Woodland Dunes. We were encouraged when we secured the first six 40-acre tracts for \$150 an acre.

Many Manitowoc County people, working through Woodland Dunes Nature Center a division of NAPI, deserve credit for raising funds to preserve Woodland Dunes. Winnie Smith, with many successful accomplishments, Bernie Brouchoud, Helen Dicke-Krivacek, and other public-spirited persons

9-County Zoning Ordinance Presented to Commission

Model Is Preliminary, Will be
Modified by Individual Counties

A comprehensive model shoreland and flood plane zoning ordinance was presented for discussion Monday morning by members of the Northeastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission (NWRPC) meeting at the Home Mutual Building.

The model was prepared by the staff of the NWRPC and was designed to aid counties in preparing their own ordinances required by state law on Jan. 1, 1968.

William E. Morris, executive director of the NWRPC said the model ordinance would have to be modified to meet the individual needs of each of the counties in the organization.

The counties include Calumet, Forest, Menominee, Waushara and Winnebago.

Report Is Preliminary

Morris stressed the preliminary nature of the model ordinance and said further work before passage by the commission would be required.

The ordinance will bring best results in shoreland zoning and implementation, Gordon A. Bubolz, chairman of the Wolf River Regional Planning Commission, told members of the meeting Tuesday at a plenary session.

Bubolz, chairman of the Wolf River Basin Regional Planning Commission spoke Tuesday at a plenary session.

Want Values Preserved
From his experience, Bubolz said, it is evident that the people of the region desire to have the scenic and aesthetic values preserved. They are in accord with improving the region's recreational features and are heartened by the efforts being made to protect the originating sources of water supply — the wetlands, marshes, bogs, swamps and springs which serve our ground water tables and provide a double purpose in providing habitat for wildlife.

While the federal and state programs being offered will, in many respects, help accomplish the region's natural resource objectives, the people and counties of the region are interested in

as those used under existing zoning ordinances in Menominee, Outagamie and Winnebago counties.

Serve as Amendment

The model ordinance will serve as a possible amendment to existing zoning ordinances in these counties, which do not

**'Duck' Turns
Counters**

Exchanging Viewpoints Good For Wolf River Region Plans

Also Need
Cooperation,
Collaboration

Collaboration, cooperation, and exchange of viewpoint on what is best for the member counties and the people in the region will bring best results in shoreland zoning and implementation, Gordon A. Bubolz, chairman of the Wolf River Regional Planning Commission, told members of the meeting Tuesday at a plenary session.

He noted that broad and varying interests will be affected in the Wolf River program and that many land, water, and natural resource programs are being proposed by federal and state governments. Bubolz, chairman of the Wolf River Basin Regional Planning Commission spoke Tuesday at a plenary session.

Metropolitan Invasion
One of the important problems facing the region is the "metropolitan invasion" of the countryside, with urban sprawl and scattered-type of development, many of which are not in accordance with desirable, long-term community standards, the chairman continued.

Such urban sprawl developments demand costly public services including roads, schools and utilities, he reminded. This

currently meet state requirements.

Richard J. Steinbrink, C Bay, chairman of the Pollution Advisory Board, said the ordinance would deal with the more subtle pollution problems related to shoreland which are more numerous and more difficult to deal with.

Steinbrink recommended the ordinance be made uniform in the individual counties to prevent differences in the near future.

Steinbrink said the ordinance is necessary to prevent conflicts of interest in the development of the region. He said the ordinance is necessary to prevent conflicts of interest in the development of the region.

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BPW Hears Story of Conservation Plan

Preservation of the scenic beauty, the water and wildlife resources and the development of recreational resources is the aim of the Wolf River Regional Planning Commission, its chairman, Gordon Bubolz, told members of the Appleton Business and Professional Women's Club Tuesday evening at the Conway Hotel.

Mr. Bubolz said the commission is dedicated to those aims for the seven counties participating in the plan. The speaker stressed the importance of the long view in any development for conservation and the world is expected to be 6 billion by the year 2000 A. D. In and extensive.

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rather than reclaiming them for croplands, already in oversupply. The wetlands are nature's sponges, and the 700 acres per county reclaimed each year act to destroy originating water sources.

We must, he stated, create a philosophy and attitude that recognize waterways as being as important as highways. Counties joining together as those in the Wolf River area have done is a heartening step forward, the speaker noted. Wildlife and the tide of recreational needs know no county lines. The responsibility for them must also be broad and extensive.

Plan For Region
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creates financial pressures and tax problems, often upsetting farm and rural economies. It is helpful to advance for the future, Bubolz said.

THE FUTURE

Planning commissions have the responsibility of pointing out problems and recommending solutions.

This planning commission contains within its boundaries one of the most seriously polluted rivers in the United States, The Fox River. Over ten years ago, we pointed to and started initiating programs for its improvement.

This commission suggests that since pollution problems are a matter of environmental concern, their correction will have a great effect on the economic and social structure in the area. Toward this end, Northern Wisconsin supports long term insured federal assistance loan programs which will make it possible for existing corporate industrial citizens to meet their competition, survive economically, and continue as employers in the communities. The commission endorses on a bipartisan basis the promotion of this kind of assistance to rectify our greatest environmental problems and preserve the economic system as well.

A number of industries are attempting on their own to correct their pollution problems; this we applaud.

With the change from a war economy to a peace time industrial economy, the major problems facing the nation will be environmental. Public environmental investments made in our private capital structure will make us stronger on a world-wide basis, produce employment, and assist returning veterans. Our concerns are environmental, social, economic and total.

generously contributed their time, enthusiasm, and money so that Woodland Dunes could be saved. The preservation of the 620-acre Woodland Dunes area is now a wilderness-beauty landmark.

The Wolf River Basin Regional Planning Commission

In the 1960's a group of Wolf River preservation supporters, including Gene Garrow and myself, asked Governor Gaylord Nelson to meet with us in Appleton. The governor agreed that the Wolf River, which originates in Forest County, does not stop at county boundaries and that it was important to the future of Wisconsin to protect its headwaters, wetlands, lakes, shorelands, and wilderness areas. To help us get underway, Governor Nelson named one commissioner from each of nine counties to the Wolf River Basin Regional Planning Commission, and each of the counties named two commissioners, for a total of 27. I had the privilege of serving as chairman of the commission for 10 years.

The nine-county commission, later reduced to eight counties, accomplished many land and water-conservation successes. In an effort to broaden its urban, inter-county planning goals, the Wolf River Basin Regional Planning Commission changed its name twice—first, to Northeastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission, and then to its present name, the East-Central Regional Planning Commission. The commission's principal planning goals have been to conserve land and improve water quality where it has been adversely affected.

Department of Resources Development

In 1959 and the early 1960's the people of Wisconsin asked that more undisturbed natural and wilderness areas be acquired and pre-

served by the state. The legislature created the Department of Resources Development and directed the 15 advisory council members to complete a statewide resources inventory and accompanying analysis.

A one percent sales tax, approved in a referendum vote, was enacted by the legislature to provide funding for the purchase of critically important wilderness and headwater areas. The tax generated approximately \$50 million.

The advisory council of the Department of Resources Development was directed to elect a chairman, vice chairman and secretary. One of my former law professors, Jacob Beuscher, a member of the council, nominated me as chairman. By a unanimous vote, the council agreed that I serve.

I am happy to report that the Wisconsin legislature has wisely placed management of the state's land and water conservation, previously handled by 13 separate agencies, under the direction of the Department of Natural Resources.

Growing up on a farm, I had the opportunity to see many species of wildlife. On walks through the woods, I would encounter rabbits sitting under clusters of cedars, squirrels jumping from tree to tree, raccoons and their young in hollow logs. Woodpeckers pecked holes in large, tall timbers and several types of birds flew overhead. The sizable marsh areas of our property contained weasels, muskrats, and wild ducks. It is my fervent hope that generations after me will thrill to the sights and sounds of nature.

When people work together to protect wilderness beauty and environmental quality, they accomplish much more than they would be able to if working alone. Wisconsin, through the foresighted conservation efforts of its residents, has greatly enhanced the quality of life for generations to come.

That which we do for ourselves dies with us. That which we do for others lives on.

College of Agriculture to honor Gordon Bubolz

Times-Press
Seymour and Bondou
Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1978

His crusade for the environment bridged many segments of our society—for the present and the future.

State conservationist award goes to Bubolz

Gordon Bubolz cited as 'humanitarian' State conservationist

MILWAUKEE — Gordon A. Bubolz of Appleton was honored as the state Humanitarian of the Year by the Wisconsin Fraternal Congress awards banquet here Saturday.

Bubolz was nominated for the award by Aid Association for Therapies for Henry Fe...

Gordon A. Bubolz was named 1977 recipient of the "State Conservationist of the Year" award at the Wisconsin convention in Stevens...

belief that public service is a corporate citizenship requirement," said Bubolz. Through Natural Areas Preservation, Inc., an organization he founded, a vehicle was created through which...

Gordon Bubolz receives 'Friend of 4-H' award goes to Bubolz

High School, and John D. Wuethrich, president of the John A. Bubolz was named 1977 recipient of the "State Conservationist of the Year" award at the Wisconsin conservation annual convention of Wisconsin-Stevens...

belief that public service is a corporate citizenship requirement," said Bubolz. Through Natural Areas Preservation, Inc., an organization he founded, a vehicle was created through which communities, citizens and environments can work together in an effort to help preserve our environment...

MADISON — Gordon A. Bubolz, environmentalist and former state senator, will receive the highest honor of the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, University of Wisconsin-Madison. He is one of six persons who will be cited at the college's 70th Annual Honorary Recognition Banquet at 6:30 p.m. March 16 in the Great Hall of the UW-Madison Memorial Union.



Gordon Bubolz Being Cited As Pioneer Environmentalist

Gordon A. Bubolz, Appleton, a pioneering Wisconsin environmentalist and former state senator, will receive the highest honor of the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

He is one of six persons who will be cited at the college's 70th Annual Honorary Recognition Banquet at 6:30 p.m. March 16 in the Great Hall of the UW-Madison Memorial Union.



Bubolz and his wife, Amelia, have a daughter, Amelia Rugland, a housewife and law student in Illinois, and three sons, G. Allen, an insurance executive, and John S., an attorney, both of Appleton, and the Rev. Gerald L., a minister in Minnesota.

The College of Agricultural and Life Sciences has honored more than 300 persons for their service to Wisconsin agriculture and the environment.

Gordon Bubolz To be Honored



He started Outagamie Youth Day to recognize of 4-H clubs and other organizations to come. He also founded the Community Fund and County Teen-age Sa. Banquet tickets a can be order Outagamie County Courthouse. He founded Preservation profit tax-poration, to that goal.

More than 10 sanctuaries have been set aside through the corporation. The center east of H. Fallen Timbers Preserve near Se. Gordon Bubolz Valley; Waukau Cree. Area Preserve in Winn County; Hobbs Natural Area in D. County.

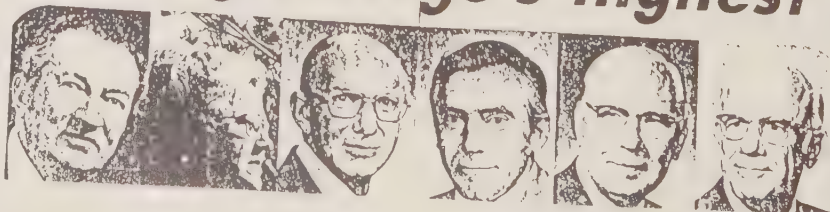
Banquet set for March 16

Six receive ag college's highest honor

Madison

Joining a select group of more than 300 men and women who have been honored by the UW-Madison College of Agriculture and Life Sciences since 1909, six of Wisconsin's outstanding citizens will be recognized on March 16 for their service to Wisconsin agriculture and the environment.

The six will be awarded the



His service to the state has included membership since 1972 on the Cash Grain Advisory Committee of the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection. His county service includes work with the Adams County Development Corp. with the board of adjustment and with the planning and zoning commissions. Active in a number of other com...

The Country Today

Wed., March 8, 1978

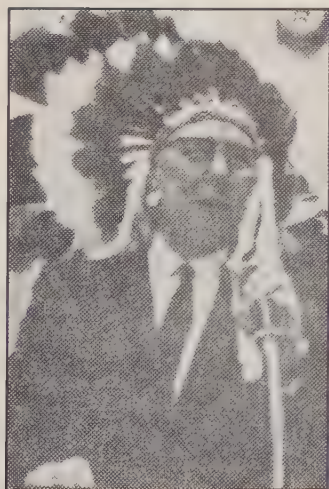
Chapter 9

On the Menominee Indians

After a sumptuous dinner at which honors were accorded, it was an inspiration to witness the colorfully costumed dancing festivities. Before the meeting adjourned, the master of ceremonies, with his beautiful war bonnet, informed me that I was being named an honorary friend of the Menominees and would be presented with a war bonnet. Before I could receive the war bonnet, however, custom dictated that I perform an Indian war dance. I had never done one before, so you can imagine the hooting and hollering that went on when it became evident that my dance was not a version of the authentic Menominee war dance.

But, the war bonnet was presented, and I treasure it.

—Gordon A. Bubolz



G.A. Bubolz Initiated By Menominee Tribe In Surprise Ceremony

Gordon A. Bubolz was named an honorary member of the Menominee Indian tribe in a surprise ceremony Saturday night at the Menominee County Indian Guide graduation ceremonies.

The Appleton man's Indian name will be "The Man From the Wolf River." The award is the highest that can be bestowed upon a white man. Bubolz danced to the tom-toms at the close of the event to make the ceremony official.

The Indians have completed training that will enable them to give scenic tours of their area to tourists.

(Accompanying story and picture on page D-10).

"The Man From the Wolf River," known hereabouts as Gordon A. Bubolz, of Appleton, proudly wears the headdress he received Saturday from the Menominee Indian tribe. Bubolz was named an honorary member of the tribe. He has been instrumental in forming a Menominee County Indian Guide program.

The Menominee Indians, who own approximately 230,000 acres in the Menominee County Tribal Reservation, have contributed significantly to our national and regional heritage, by living and practicing sound principles of land conversation. 3,700 of the 5,000 Menominees, reside on the reservation.

Menominees consider the land to be a gift of God the Spirit for all who occupy and use it. They believe that everyone has a duty to conserve and protect nature's wonders for future generations. Their adoption of the "sustained-yield" plan for the use and management of the forests has done much to perpetuate nature's grandeur. Their forests produce about 20 million board feet of lumber annually. Every effort is made to protect the young trees so that they, too, will have the opportunity to produce and maintain a sustained annual yield. Menominees allow only five percent of the land to be used for economic development. With these safeguards, the forests will continue to produce and the beauties of nature will continue to enhance the aesthetic qualities of life. It is marvelous to see how the scenic Wolf River and its West Branch thread their way through the Menominee County Tribal Reservation and have become unique,

top priority precedents for natural beauty preservation.

Senator Bubolz

While a member of the Wisconsin Senate (1945-1953), I was pleased that my district included the Menominee Tribal Reservation. Although the federal government had agreed to pay \$250,000 per year for about four years for public use of the Wolf River in Menominee County, the Wisconsin Secretary of State refused to countersign the check to transfer the funds received by the state treasurer to the Menominees. I informed the Menominees that I would do everything possible to get them their money, and I did. In their elation, the Menominees had a great celebration. I was extremely pleased that the duties I performed as their senator gave the Menominees much-needed help. I knew that they had been crowded out of an area they formerly occupied and this was the least our country could do for them.

Menominee Tribal Enterprises

Some time later, I received a call from James Freschette, a Menominee tribal leader, saying that the board of directors of Menominee Tribal Enterprises, which conducts the lumbering operations of the sawmill, would like to have me serve on their board. I told them I would be honored. From this close association with the Menominees, I learned that they are peace-loving people who spare no effort to help their fellow Menominees. During the six years I served on their board, it became evident in many ways that they do their utmost to work with others to further the well-being of humanity.

The annual meeting of Menominee Tribal Enterprises was always a big event. The Menominees were given the opportunity to freely express their beliefs. After the meeting, delicious foods were served, which contributed to meaningful fellowship and a spirit of oneness.

The board members of Menominee Tribal Enterprises worked toward strengthening the growth of the economy of the reservation because there were many Menominees who needed employment. We succeeded in getting

one million dollars from the federal government to construct two buildings: a nature center and a historic museum. The public was invited to the Nature Interpretation Center several times a year as a gesture of goodwill.

This brought people from other areas to visit with the Menominees and enjoy a delicious Indian supper at \$10 per plate. There was venison, bear meat, pork, boiled potatoes, Indian-fried bread, cooked rice, homegrown vegetables, and delicious pies (pumpkin, apple, and blueberry). A devoted and happy group of Menominee women prepared the food. They looked forward to seeing people relish a tasty meal.

The preparation and serving of food was headed by Merceline Sanapaw. Everyone loved her because she was very kind. While I am unable to name all of the women who did so much to add to the good life, I believe Letitia Caldwell, secretary of Menominee Tribal Enterprises and wife of Jerry Caldwell (a board member), deserves much credit for organizing and planning the Menominee get-together events. Non-Menominees gained a beneficial and helpful understanding of the tribe and their contributions to furthering the good life and the productive example they set in conserving our revitalizing resources.

Menominee Tribal Enterprises

There probably isn't another lumbering operation more thoroughly conducted than Menominee Tribal Enterprises. When I was on the board, Jerry Grignon, a highly respected friend, was in charge of the logging operations, which included supervising the cutting of the timber and hauling it to the mill. To see the logs transported to the mill, debarked, and cut into smaller units was exciting. The loads of lumber and materials leaving the factory to produce income for the Menominees were proof of the tribe's successful team effort.

At the board meetings of Menominee Tribal Enterprises, held every two months, the results of the sawmill operations were reviewed. Menominee Tribal Enterprises is located in Neopit and, as I recall, employs more than 400 people.

Because many Menominees have artistic talents and expertise in making handcrafted items, people who pass through the reservation often stop at Indian craft stores in Neopit and Keshena. I am happy that I was able to have a small part in establishing the Menominee Tepee Gift Shop in Keshena, which is a “must” stop for persons who love quality Indian items. Amelia and I very much treasure our own handcrafted lamps (Kachina figures carved from one piece of cottonwood)—examples of the excellent Menominee workmanship.

As a board member, the Menominees accorded me the courtesy of joining fellow board members and friends for an outing at a log cabin situated in a remote wooded area. Fresh trout, boiled corn, venison, and other treats were served.

Spirit Rock, located along Highway 55 in Menominee County, is a memorable landmark for the Menominees. In a very real sense it is a symbol of respect for the good life which the Menominees practice and live so meaningfully.

Pow-wows

Indian pow-wows are held in Keshena. Menominees display crafts, serve food, and take part in colorful ceremonies to celebrate their heritage. The pow-wows do much to unite the Menominees.

Although there may be exceptions, it is not the practice of the Menominees to allow non-Menominees to speak at the ceremonial parts of the time-honored pow-wows. Therefore, it was a privilege and an honor when I was invited to be present at a faith ceremony in a log cabin in the small village of Zoar located north of Neopit. Members of the families sat on the floor in a circle and held hands as they paid their homage and respect to God and the good things of life.

In earlier days, small huts were built over Menominee graves. The huts had openings at each end through which food would occasionally be placed for the departed person. The Menominees have a profound respect for their departed relatives and friends, and are faith-loving people. St. Anthony’s Church in Neopit and St. Michael’s Church in Keshena are well attended.

While it was a sad occasion to attend the funeral service of Merceline Sanapaw, those present were confident that she had been called to Heaven. Merceline’s life meaningfully exemplified the Menominee heritage. The clergyman and the people present sprinkled a handful of soil on the coffin before her burial to show their deep feelings.

Menominees chosen to speak at Menominee events and gatherings were very persuasive and positive. My friend, the late Jim Freschette, was an effective spokesman whose



Left to right, James G. Frechette, Member of the Board of Directors, Menominee Enterprises, Inc., Gordon A. Bubolz and John Munson, President, Menominee Trails, Inc.

powerful messages came through in a moving way. No one was more totally devoted to furthering the well-being of others. There were several other highly regarded Menominee spokesmen: Sparky Waukau (Menominee County Reservation Administrator), Gordon Dicky, George Kenote, and Jerry Grignon.

The War Bonnet

While giving a talk at an Appleton public school about my life with the Menominees, I mentioned the incident about the war bonnet to the students. One of the students promptly asked me to put on a Menominee war dance for them. So, with my war bonnet on, I danced. The students didn't know if it was the real thing or not! This was my second time, so my dance took on a little more rhythm.

After six years of serving as a director of

Menominee Tribal Enterprises, circumstances precluded me from continuing my active work with them. However, I respect them for the part they have played in our lives; they will continue to benefit our future.

The Menominees have developed customs, traditions, and principles of living which are assets that have made this world a better place for everyone. They will always have my sincere gratitude for the honor they have bestowed upon me, and for the success we've achieved working together.

To learn more about the history of the Menominees, contact the Menominee Tribal Office, P.O. Box 397, Keshena, WI 54135, (715) 799-5114. To enjoy the beauty and unique natural features of Smokey Falls, Rainbow Falls, and Bear Trap Falls, contact Ralph Lyons at Smokey Falls Rafting, P.O. Box 247, Keshena, WI 54135, (715) 799-4945.



Menominee County is blessed with the unique physical condition of having 96 percent of its land preserved in a "wilderness state". To further the economic development of the area, the Economic Development Administration of the Department of Commerce and the Upper Great Lakes Regional Commission authorized \$1,023,000 for construction of the 70 acre site. Impetus for the development resulted from the cooperation of the Menominee Indians, the all Indian County and Town Boards, Menominee Enterprises, Inc. and the Environmental Quality Council, Inc. The main structures were completed August 21, 1970.

First Indian—And 'Princess' Enrolls at St. Norbert's

Special to The Sentinel

De Pere, Wis.—An Indian "princess" joined the sophomore class at St. Norbert college here Thursday.

Miss Karen Louise Wescott, 19, a full-blooded Menominee Indian—named "Miss Wisconsin Indian Princess" Aug. 25 during state-wide competition in Menominee county—plans to major in education.

St. Norbert officials have taken special interest in Miss Wescott to assure her enrollment in the school and her continuing education. She attended River Falls State university during her freshman year.

The college awarded her a \$605 tuition grant to help pay the total fees of \$1,250 for the trisemester school year. The state picked up the balance of her tuition.

Her room and board while attending St. Norbert's was provided by a \$750 federal grant which was awarded her by the college's financial aid office.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wescott of Keshena, Miss Wescott is a descendant of the famed Chief Oshkosh who is buried in Menominee park on the shores of Lake Winnebago. The city of Oshkosh was named after her ancestor. Her father is a lift operator at Menominee Enterprises, Inc., a sawmill in Menominee county.

After completing her first year at River Falls State university last June, Miss Wescott sought summer employment in several cities in northeastern Wisconsin.

After failing to find a job she returned to her Keshena home uncertain as to her summer employment plans.

Her father then approached Gordon Bubolz, president of the Homestead Mutual Insurance Co., Appleton, who serves as legal counsel for Bubolz Enterprises.

Realizing her potential, he arranged for Miss Wescott to work as a secretary at his insurance company.

Bubolz, who is a Menominee Indian, has a particular interest in the education of Indian youth and when Miss Wescott entered the competition for the title of Miss Wisconsin Indian Princess, he volunteered to be her sponsor.

Bubolz is a well-known Appleton tailor and has won many awards in Miss Wisconsin Indian Princess competitions.

Miss Wescott is a descendant of the famed Chief Oshkosh and is a full-blooded Menominee Indian. She was born in Keshena, Wis. Her father is a lift operator at Menominee Enterprises, Inc., a sawmill in Menominee county. She is currently a sophomore at St. Norbert college.

Norbert's college



—Photo by M.E. Hassman

SETTING A RECORD—Miss Karen Louise Wescott, the 1968 Miss Wisconsin Indian Princess, became the first American Indian to study at St. Norbert college when she enrolled at the De Pere school. Miss Wescott, who spent her freshman year at River Falls State university, is majoring in education. The 19 year old student is a native of Keshena.

Introduction To Part II

by G. Allen Bubolz

The colorful, heartwarming essays comprising Part I were lovingly written by my father, Gordon Bubolz—a man who grew up in a pioneer family in northeast Wisconsin in the early 1900's. Dad's writings clearly depict his "must do" attitude about carrying out life's responsibilities in accordance with the basic biblical philosophies handed down from his father and mother.

My grandfather, Julius Bubolz, had wanted to name his insurance company "The Golden Rule Company." Although that name was not adopted by the board of directors, the influence of the golden rule was found throughout the company.

Family and business were always intertwined in Dad's life. Family lore involves Grandma Emilie's firm hand on the rudder of the family business. The insurance company's early board meetings were held in the parlor of the farmhouse in the town of Cicero. When the meeting began, the glass paned parlor doors would close and Grandma Bubolz would remain, peeling potatoes for the dinner to be served following the meeting. She would stay outside the parlor doing her domestic chores with only half an ear to the proceedings. On occasion, to provide a moment of levity, a member of the board might make a humorous remark which would elicit some guffaws. Grandma would stomp on the floor rattling the parlor doors, bringing order back to the boardroom table.

My sister, brothers and I were often lectured about our obligation to take the high road in service to mankind. It was clear to all of us that Dad was driven by more than a "can do"

attitude, or an attitude of "doing one's best." He felt that the precious gift of life on earth carried with it a "must do" responsibility to serve others. Dad focused on God, family and country. He was the consummate public servant—a legislator, an environmentalist, a volunteer, a contributor.

A man of great energy, enthusiasm, honesty, dedication and perseverance, Dad had discovered a basic equation for success. Not deterred by criticism, threats, or ultimatums, his was a "must do" attitude driven by the highest principles. But in observing him at close range one found there was even more behind the achievement reflected in his essays.

What were those attributes? As a youngster, I accompanied Dad on the campaign trail and subsequently to Madison to observe firsthand his legislative involvement. We traveled together on claims adjusting trips after windstorms and tornadoes, and I watched him compassionately settle claims with farmers who had experienced losses. I followed his direction in the establishment of the Enterprise Water Ski Club in Elcho, Wisconsin and helped as Yogi Bear's Jellystone Park Camp Resort was built in Fremont, Wisconsin. He offered his advice during the development of my insurance and real estate agency. I observed Dad's work in the church and traveled with him many times to the Menominee Reservation. I had the privilege of actively participating in Dad's natural areas preservation campaigns, especially the anti-pollution campaigns involving the paper mills along the Fox River. Finally, through

my close working relationships with him in founding and developing Homeco Life (Secura Life) and Homeco Securities, I came to see in the man who was my father two other attributes fundamental to the success and acclaim he achieved in the state of Wisconsin—his ability to *focus* and to *delegate*.

Dad could focus his energies to the exclusion of all outside influences. At home after working hours, he would often seem to be in another world, totally detached from his surroundings. When asked, he would tell us that he needed to consider all of the ramifications of a situation before having to ultimately deal with the problem. In the evening, he frequently wrote, using the works of philosophers and the Bible to prime his thought process. His mind was never idle. He would often get up at 3:00 A.M. to write the thoughts that came to him. Once, he advised me to regularly find a moment to allow my mind to work uninhibited to find a resolution to a problem or a track to run on.

His focus would often extend over time. A single responsibility or project would be worked on day in and day out, week in and week out and year in and year out, until a success quotient for that project was well established. Then Dad would proceed to his next challenge—the Menominee Indians, the preservation of natural areas, the church, the state Senate, or civic and community organizations.

Dad would often do the detail work of writing lectures and memoranda and archiving projects. Yet, my memory of him is not as a mechanic but as an artist—a creator, a visionary of great energy, driven by a noble cause. He accepted the youthful enthusiasm of others throughout his later years and would encourage new ideas to enhance service. He felt education was the key for both himself and others and always promoted continuing education. When admonishing people on financial affairs, he would simply say, “Your income must equal your outflow, and then you will never have any problems.”

Believing that delegation helps the world to revolve in harmony, his involvement with people is evident throughout his essays. Many, through mutual interest, climbed on board and provided Dad with the direction

and professional counsel to stay on the right track as well as the human energy and technical skills needed to get the job done.

Dad often acted as a catalyst in the public arena to bring together the skills and attributes needed to do the job well. Although a taskmaster, Dad was also thoroughly trusting of others—which sometimes worked against him. When someone accepted an assignment, he was sure it would be completed. However, he was occasionally disappointed when those who volunteered to serve would fall by the wayside and not complete their assignments. On one occasion, I asked how he could stand the delay and nonperformance. “I just find someone else,” he said, “and ask them if they will volunteer to do the job. I keep asking until I find someone who gets the job done. I don’t bother anymore with those who are too busy with other things to respond to their commitment.”

He counseled me to build on a person’s strengths, not on their weaknesses. Over time, Dad surrounded himself with highly talented and energetic people. He would be the first to give them credit, but it was he who took flak and public abuse if things went wrong. I suppose that’s why he also got so much of the public credit.

The public exposure Dad brought to the family continues even after his death. He often said, “what you do for yourself dies with you, but what you do for others lives forever.” Dad’s work continues to reflect on the many people who worked with him over the years as well as the family. His lifetime expressions of love and concern for mother and her responsibilities for raising me and my brothers and sister were in themselves examples of what we “must do.” Several years ago, Dad invoked me to promise to care for Mother if he should precede her in death. The bond between Mother and me today is enriched by that pact made long ago.

It was Mother’s management of the home fires that allowed Dad to pursue his sense of public responsibility. She raised the family almost singlehandedly as Dad dove into his career in public activities. He gave her credit for being the part of his life that gave stability to all he stood for. Ultimately, when he knew the end was near, Dad reached for Mother’s

hand on his deathbed, looked up at her and said, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."

Part II of this book offers another view of

Gordon, the Bubolz family and Secura. Renowned Appleton author Mary Ellen Ducklow worked closely with Dad to write about his life. The previously unpublished chapters that follow profoundly enhance Gordon's story. We are very pleased that Ms. Ducklow's work is represented in this book.

Part II

by Mary Ellen Ducklow

In 1948, as a very young cub reporter for the Appleton Post-Crescent, I was tapped to “help out” in the compilation of the Outagamie County history celebrating the State of Wisconsin Centennial. (That book grew up to be “Land of the Fox,” still used as standard reference material as writers, reporters and broadcasters reminisce.)

Gordon A. Bubolz, head of what was then Home Mutual Insurance Company, had taken on yet another in what was to become virtually an unparalleled panoply of volunteer, church and community responsibilities, serving in this instance as managing editor of the publication in his capacity as chairperson of the Outagamie County state centennial committee.

Gordon had a powerhouse committee working with him: selected members of the Outagamie county board; educators at the school district and college level; and community leaders in business, industry and the arts.

The older images persist, even superimposed as they are, with the later images over the next 40 years.

The centennial book managing editor grew into a living legend. State senator. Executive. Environmentalist. Leading citizen.

I remember him tilted back in the modestly leather upholstered chair in his office in the Art Deco period Zuelke Building in the heart of Appleton’s downtown. I remember him, most characteristically, dressed in silvery gray. Meticulously dressed. Almost alarmingly neat and well-groomed: never a pulled-askew tie or well-brushed hair out of place. Careful, precise, sober, businesslike. Presiding. Not imposing a personal view on a committee, but, rather, judiciously eliciting opin-

ions, melding those opinions into consensus. (Oddly, that consensus almost always replicated what he’d had in mind in the first place.) From the consensus came an action plan, which I for one, scurried to implement in so far as my modest assignment demanded (a chapter on the upcoming centennial celebration).

As I remember telling a Post-Crescent newsroom compatriot, you didn’t mess with Gordon. (Everybody called him Gordon . . . usually, if one were my age, capping the “Gordon” with a respectful “Sir.”)

I don’t remember him, in those days, as being particularly funny or amusing: He had work to do . . . tons of work: business, community volunteerism, state official. I guess I didn’t realize until decades later, sitting in his sunny Secura office with my notebook open on my lap, while he unreeled for hours his own and his family’s and his company’s life, that he had a sly sense of humor which more than once sent me down through the elegantly appointed reception area and out into the parking lot giggling.

He was a serious man, as this lifelong reporter saw him.

For years, then, Gordon Bubolz’s path and mine crossed only occasionally, at some large civic event, perhaps, or at meetings at which he was the speaker (his public utterances were carefully prepared, always, although there was likely to be a well-rehearsed but warm little anecdote, linking himself and his audience, strategically placed at the front and back of his offering). He was, of course, a consummate politician. You don’t devise and then put into action a then brand-new state government device, the much touted “legislative council,” and make it work without a firm

grip on, and understanding of the political as well as the legislative process.

He was a politician with statesmanlike qualities . . . the two don't always go together. He was a businessman whose record of achievement showcased his vision as well as his practicality. He was, it seemed to me, as I wrote newspaper stories about him, or interviewed him "live" on my WAPL radio talk show several times over the years . . . as I talked with him for many hours in his office in preparing the manuscript about his life and career . . . it seemed to me that he was a man with a very large burden of purposes. Purposes? To protect and enhance the environment of the state which he loved; to make those very special places accessible to an ever-widening public. To serve the clients of his

business honestly. To be a good husband and a good father. To provide an optimum environment in which his colleagues and employees could function at their best, in the interests of the policy holders. To serve his community and his church, and to live up to the precepts of the father and mother who dominated his growing up years.

As a very, very old man, but still mentally vigorous, still in control, he talked honestly and with those little lancets of humor, amplifying for this interviewer the words he'd written earlier in his painstakingly penned autobiography.

The story of Gordon Bubolz is a long and an honorable one. It is also a story of his family.

He was nice to know.

Chapter 10

This is Amelia (1989)

by Mary Ellen Ducklow

There is a vibrant joy about Amelia. Seldom a day goes by that she doesn't express her appreciation for what's beautiful—flowers, birds, nature, and the spontaneous, true-to-life personalities of children. She won't miss an opportunity to visit or call people when they're ill to share her admiration and give them encouragement. She takes delight in remembering relatives and friends on their birthdays, and has a natural gift for cultivating close friendships.

—Gordon Bubolz
Remembering Amelia



Mrs. Gordon Bubolz, after 50-plus years of marriage, mothering and grandmothering, and, in the Bubolz family tradition, serving home, family, church and community, is a small, neat, pretty woman. Self-possessed, quietly humorous, succinct; there are even occasional glimpses of a faint irony . . . always kindly, of course. Often a barely perceptible lifted eyebrow and visible but controlled tug at the corner of her lips can be detected.

And, as her family, fellow church workers and girlhood friends will remind you, she has that beautiful singing voice, testified to by her long membership in Appleton's premier ladies' musical organization, the long-lived Wednesday Musicales. That's not to mention, of course, the many decades of devoted, and vastly enjoyed, church choir participation.

We've read Gordon's recollections of their courtship and marriage. Did the young registered nurse, meeting Gordon for the first time and becoming aware that he was "interested," have any idea of the potential scope of the career that was beginning to unroll before this intense and hard-working young man?

As their brief courtship progressed, she says, "I had no idea what would become of Gordon's interests or career. Since our courtship was only four months long, I think maybe I wondered now and then whether our marriage might also be short-term!"

She continues, "My first impression of him? I knew he was in the insurance business and in the middle of organizing a casualty company. That indicated to me that he was optimistic and had drive, but obviously I had no idea what our future would be like. I recall thinking that he was well-dressed and 'stood out in the crowd.' All I knew was that he was our neighbor's insurance company boss.

"When Gordon offered to drive me back to Madison the night we met, I remember thinking, 'Oh, well, just another nice guy breezing through the area.'"

Amelia's reminiscences skip quickly over the months and years. Gordon had one year of law school at Madison behind him when they met. After their marriage and honeymoon, the young Bubolzes moved into their small home. They were there for five months, until Gordon was offered, and accepted, a position in Wash-

ington, D.C., as an insurance expert with the Farm Credit Administration, subsequently becoming an associate agricultural economist. That was in 1936 and 1937.

While he was in Washington, Gordon attended classes at night as he completed his second year of law school . . . forever pushing the goals out further.

"He left at seven o'clock in the morning and never got home until 10 o'clock at night," Amelia remembers. "Just watching him keep up with it all was exhausting."

Their first child, Allen, was born September 2, 1936, at George Washington Hospital in Washington. Life, as any new mother will tell you, was never to be the same again.

"I spent my time getting acquainted with and enjoying the baby," Amelia recalls. "We were real buddies, as I think the first often becomes. Without Allen, I would have been very lonely."

Back in Wisconsin after the tour of duty with the federal government, Gordon returned to Appleton to reenter the family insurance business and complete his law school requirements at Madison. Was the long awaited great day in 1940 . . . the awarding of his doctor of laws degree . . . a memorable event?

"I have no memory of that day except relief that the chase was over, and I waited for the sheepskin as proof."

Graduation day, then, following those piecemeal law school terms, was like any other day: "Housework—by then we had two children." (Amelia Marilyn, now Mrs. Walter S. Rugland, of Hartford, Connecticut, an attorney, was born, August 4, 1938.)

August 1937 brought another significant milestone: purchase of their first house, still their beloved residence on River Drive in Appleton. Amelia hastens to point out that River Drive, curving to the west and south at the end of the Memorial Drive bridge, was then "the edge of the city."

Gordon and Amelia didn't build their house but it was newly completed when they purchased it. Amelia's memories of it are affectionate and proud: "I was thrilled with having our own house, silly as it sounds. Truthfully, I was attracted first by its entrance and the small den and powder room on the first floor. It had a ceramic tiled bath on the second floor

and it was carpeted throughout.”

She loved it then, and she loves it now.

(In addition to the cottage in the Wisconsin north woods, now shared by the Bubolz children and their families, there was another house in the Bubolzes’ lives—on Singer Island, Florida, just a balmy block away from the beaches. Amelia and Gordon spent several winter and spring months at the Florida house each year. The pace there was different from back home.

The Florida dwelling (sold in 1989), was not unlike the River Drive house, and Amelia’s days there were not greatly different from those in Appleton. She wrote from Florida: “I clean and cook and entertain ‘snowbirds’ from back home.” Her domestic domain there consisted of three bedrooms, two baths, large living, dining and family room/kitchen, ‘Florida room,’ and two-car garage.

An insight into the Gordon Bubolzes’ social lifestyle at their Appleton house is in Amelia’s accompanying note: “We never did much business or political entertaining at home, or social dinners; Gordon was always too tied up in his affairs and interests to plan such things . . .”

Contemporaries remember, however, their routine festive appearances at the several-times-a-year Manhattan Club dinner dances, an integral part of the winter social scene in Appleton.

Amelia Bubolz’s recollections of the early and mid-years of marriage, encompassing as they did the peak periods of her husband’s business, political and community service, reflect her own home-centered focus, arrived at by choice, by temperament and by necessity. But that focus was not so tight that her unique talents as well as her own personal sense of dedication as a community volunteer didn’t have plenty of opportunities to be exercised.

She writes, “Most of my spare time was housework and child care, because I was alone most of the time. I was a member of the Wednesday Musicale and the Appleton Woman’s Club, and, of course, we were in the Manhattan Dance Club. I was in church choirs for over 60 years, and I am a member of the Fiction Club (a ladies’ reading group well-known in the community for the rigor of its study and

its longevity).”

She continues, “And I am a member of the First English Lutheran Church women’s groups and Bible study classed.”

Among her volunteer activities in the late 1950’s and early 1960’s, Amelia was a hospital volunteer, in company with dozens of Appleton matrons across the age spectrum who donned the “cheery cherry” smocks of the then Appleton Memorial Hospital auxiliary (now the Appleton Medical Center). She worked in the hospital gift shop for four hours every Friday afternoon and evening between four and eight p.m. Often there were flurries of customer visits, then long, chatty periods with co-volunteers and hasty breaks for supper in the hospital cafeteria.

The medical ambience did not, however, rekindle interest in her former nursing career. “I have never regretted leaving the profession,” she says, “and I’m sure that with all the medical advances, if I’d wanted to go back, I’d have had to start all over again at Day One.”

She does record, however, that “I wouldn’t have wanted to be in any other profession.”

Enlarging further on her spare time activities and avocation, she says, “You know my big thing . . . dolls, of course; and then for some time Allen and I were into stamps, which his youngest daughter has taken on.”

The dolls, elaborately and charmingly arranged in upscale museum style in the Secura home office buildings, are Amelia’s number one extracurricular passion. Her own doll in the collection (circa 1917-1918) is the only one of the many she had that survived the years. It is now queen of the exhibit.

Amelia reports that she began her collection purchasing “Storybook” dolls for Milly until she was ten years old. From then on they both “fell” for antique dolls, eventually adding other collectibles. “And then, of course, when she and I saw the German bisques, we were goners.”

The affection for dolls persists through the female line of the Bubolz clan. “Milly’s oldest daughter (also Amelia) has been interested in dolls as well as Allen’s Kristen, who loves Barbies and likes looking at the collection. Jerry’s Emilie also loves them, and she and I have gotten a lot of modern collectibles . . . the Madame Alexanders, the Suzanne dolls and so forth.”

Amelia and Gordon's daughter Milly was 9 or 10 years old when she saw a group of antique dolls in Stoughton, in Amelia's girlhood home country. That caused a noticeable drop-off in Milly's interest in the Storybook Dolls, and from then on, says Amelia, "all she was interested in were the oldies. Her love of them reawakened mine, and it all took off from there . . . it's been going on for almost 40 years now. In the beginning, I had no idea that the doll thing would expand as it has: I still look for any I don't have. I have nearly a thousand now."

Amelia is the speaker of choice when women's, school or senior citizen groups appear by the busloads to view the collection, or on the occasions when she's invited to do programs for various organizations. "I don't have any ready-made script," she says. "I just play to whatever group I'm with."

At Secura, there's an Amelia-recorded tape describing and commenting on the collection. "I need to redo it someday," she says.

She likes knowing that the display of dolls, spanning in their respective origins more than a century, has brought pleasure to so many people.

There's a definitive key to the underlying basics of a personality when one listens to a

recital of "What have been your proudest moments?"

Amelia reports, "With Gordon, it was his law school graduation, his legislative work and his environmental interests. With the children, it was their college years and their graduate work and all the activities they've taken on . . . and later, of course, the boys in the insurance companies. And I'm proud of Milly's law work and Jerry's seminary graduation and parish work."

She sums it up: "Just having handled the 'crew' and seeing them reach their goals and being happy for their successes . . . that's it."

There's an old truism that no VIP is a hero to his wife. Not so in this instance. Queried as to her husband's dominant characteristics, she answers quickly, decisively, without even a second's hesitation: "His determination and persistence in excelling. His generosity. His involvement in church; his concern for people; his interest in the community we live in as well as in our country's welfare and in politics and the world in general. Being a good citizen."

She broadens this assessment of characteristics to include her whole family. "I hope these qualities carry through the following generations."

Chapter 11

This is Allen (1989)

by Mary Ellen Ducklow

Our oldest son Allen is both mechanically and electrically inclined. I bought Allen an electric train for Christmas when he was one and one-half years old. After I had struggled for most of a day to get the train in operating condition, Allen said, "Dad, let me do it." In very short order, it was running smoothly.

After earning an electrical engineering degree at Valparaiso, Allen took one and one-half years of legal training at the University of Wisconsin Law School to get some insights on laws applying to real estate. At the age of 29, he was chosen by the voters as a supervisor on the Outagamie county board, the youngest member ever to serve.

After working for a number of summers with the Home Mutual repair crew fixing barns, sheds, houses, and buildings damaged by tornadoes and cyclones, Allen organized and built an independent insurance agency in Appleton. In 1966 he and I cofounded Homeco Life Insurance Company and he was elected its president in 1982. He was also elected president of Homeco Financial and Homeco Securities in 1982. In 1986, Allen was named vice chairman of both Home Mutual and Homeco Life Insurance Companies.

Allen has three daughters from his first marriage—Linda, Brenda, and Kristen—and one son, Gordon, two stepdaughters, Karen and Katherine (Kitsy), and one stepson, William, from his second marriage to Kay Tusler.

—Gordon Bubolz
Remembering Allen



Allen

Gordon Allen Bubolz, 52 years of age in 1989, had run four full marathons in the 24 months preceding the interview upon which this chapter is based. And he ran, in that same period, more 10-K races than he could detail without consulting his diary.

At an age when a lot of men give up handball and decide—not without guilt—that they’re going to concentrate on their golf game or fishing, Allen’s principal extra-curricular preoccupation is doing it better; doing it faster.

In November of 1988 he competed in the nationally televised New York City marathon. He’d run the Twin Cities race just the month before, in three hours and 59 minutes, shaving 10 minutes off his previous best time.

What makes Allen run?

The race: “I trained hard; I worked on my diet; I wanted to get past that ‘hitting the wall’ point.”

He did.

If the Boston Marathon, with its final uphill push, is the goal of every marathon runner, Allen Bubolz is no exception. He aspires to it but recognizes the extensive, and intensive, training that is required . . . probably more concentrated and more demanding than a man with wide business and community interests can devote to it. (He was formerly president and treasurer of Secura Life; now a management consultant.)

There’s the requirement, too, of the sanctioned preliminary runs. You must be able to do the Boston in three hours and 40 minutes.

Is that too much for a 52-year-old to aspire to?

Don’t count him out.

Born one year after his parents’ marriage, Allen is the oldest of the four Gordon and Amelia Bubolz children. The pared-down resume in Allen’s personnel file is a reflection of many of the resumes of the Bubolz clan, notable for the numbers of college and graduate degrees in traditional professional fields.

The Bubolzes are achievers; Allen fits the mold.

Graduated from Appleton High School in 1954, and from Valparaiso University in 1959 with a degree in electrical engineering and a stint (but not a degree) at the UW-Madison

law school, Allen has had and continues to work tirelessly at careers in insurance, real estate, financial services and corporate management.

And that’s not to mention the immersion in organized sports activities and his warm and vibrant life with his family, now numbering seven children ranging in age from early teens to late 20s. Indeed, family and friends survey the Allen and Kay Bubolz family and giggle affectionately as they make the inevitable comparison with the Brady Bunch of sitcom fame.

The intense competitive spirit over the years, along with the abiding affection for and involvement in water skiing at a national level, is probably the glue that holds together the many facets of this wiry, high-energy, goal-oriented first son.

For many friends and acquaintances, the name Allen Bubolz is synonymous with “water skier.” He’s still deeply involved in water skiing.

Water skiing?

Allen was 15 when he discovered water skiing. The family skiing equipment at that point consisted of a tired boat with a 25 horsepower outboard motor. He remembers vividly the first time he actually got up on skis to the screamed admonitions from the dock, “Hang on! Don’t let go!” Those were his basic instructions at that juncture . . . indeed, his only instructions.

The attraction of water skiing was obvious. Allen Bubolz’s level of competitiveness includes competing with one’s self.

Allen, according to his father, developed an interest in water skiing when the then-young Bubolz children spent summers at the family cottage at Enterprise Lake in Langlade County. In the early 1950’s water skiing wasn’t the preeminent amateur sport that it is today.

Gordon, always sensing an opportunity to teach a lesson in effective living and goal-achieving, had a great idea when young Allen proposed getting the kids around the lake together to form a water ski club. Gordon agreed to help the youngsters with the paperwork needed to incorporate the organization; and Allen set out on foot, around the lake, to talk to everybody in an effort to recruit mem-

bership, leaving return post cards to be filled out at each cottage. It was an early-on lesson in corporate development.

The Enterprise Lake Water Sports Club came into being. Allen, predictably, was named chairman.

Gordon had a kicker to throw into the organizational pot: "I'll help you on this condition: spend a substantial amount of your income from appearing in water ski shows to conserve natural beauty." (The senator, then serving in the state legislature, held preservation of natural beauty areas high on his personal and professional agenda.)

The young ski club members agreed.

Conserve natural beauty, right? Okay. But what? What do we do?

When you don't know, ask. That's another Gordon A. Bubolz, Sr., lesson.

You go straight to the horse's mouth. Allen went to the nearby DNR office in the vacation area. The response: "We've got great conservation possibilities right here in Langlade County!"

The DNR proposed giving nature a hand by creating an 82-acre waterfowl flowage on Spider Creek where it meandered through a non-navigable marsh.

The water skiers, spearheaded by their chairman, flung themselves into the project, and generated some \$1,400 for construction of the water control embankment.

Subsequently, the Wisconsin Conservation Commission gave a certificate of appreciation to the young Enterprise skiers, citing them for their concrete expression of commitment to advancing the public's enjoyment of outdoor sports.

A generation later, the results of that youthful summer enthusiasm are evident: swarms of waterfowl of many species flock to Lakeland with whirring wings and raucous honks during north and south migrations.

"I was always attracted by competition," Allen says, looking at his past and, of course, his present. "Back then it was skiing; now it's running. It's the testing of yourself against yourself; it's like establishing your personal sense of relativity: Am I better now? Am I improving? How can I be better? Competition is the gauge by which you measure yourself. There's excitement in it. And emotion."

Not everything was easy for this man. "I was afraid of speaking in public when I was a kid," he recalls. And certainly in his growing up years, there was plenty of precedent for speaking in public. Every pronouncement Gordon senior made in public was reported by the press."

But Allen learned to handle public speaking. How? "When I was a kid, I heard that old Ben Franklin line: 'There's one way to learn. Do it!'"

He did it; he learned it.

Where does the drive come from? Parental expectations certainly figure in the picture. "I remember that whenever a big event was coming up, I'd think: The best isn't good enough. I guess you have to want total success. Perfection."

Clearly Allen's father was a role model, a driving force, acknowledged or not. "He demanded so much of himself and everybody around him," Allen says. "Dad uses the Dutch uncle approach. He drives himself . . . but he asks no more of others than he does of himself. As a matter of fact, he asks more of himself."

Dad set the tone for each child in the family excelling in his or her own way, based on individual gifts or directions. He speaks of his brother John—attorney, community leader, company president; of his brother Jerry's dedication to his pastoral calling; of his sister Millie: "She's an attorney *and* a water skier and she has a great husband and family—genius kids."

There's another aspect of Allen, this one, in the view of his father, clearly not a question of a chip off the old block. Gordon recalled, in his private reminiscences, "Whether mechanical or social, Allen possesses a desire to build instruments, machines and human organizations. He must have inherited his mechanical and electrical talents from his maternal grandfather. He certainly didn't get them from me!"

Allen's progress into grown-upness included summer after summer working on the Home Mutual Insurance Company's repair crew fixing barns, sheds, houses and outbuildings damaged by windstorms and tornados. The mechanical skills were being harnessed; earnest bows were made to the family work ethic, and Allen was learning the family

business.

Subsequently, that immersion in the world of work and family tradition resulted in Allen's organization of an independent insurance agency in Appleton. In 1966 he co-founded Homeco Life Insurance Company with his father and became its president in 1982, the year he also was elected president of Homeco Financial and Homeco Securities. In 1986 he was named vice chairman of both Home Mutual and Homeco Life Insurance, and then president and treasurer of Secura Life. He retired from the latter responsibilities in the spring of 1989.

At the age of 29, Allen was elected by his district as Outagamie County Board supervisor and subsequently named by the board to chair its parks and recreation committee. In that capacity he led the drive to save Plamann Park, northeast of Appleton, a sylvan spot now boasting lush recreation and picnic areas and a beautiful, sun-dappled artificial swimming lake.

Before being named president of the Fremont Chamber of Commerce in 1984 and 1985, Allen headed neighbors' efforts to organize a ski group on the Wolf River, an activity now one of the dominant water sports attractions in the area. He was founder and chairman of the Wisconsin Water Ski Federation and chairman of the Midwest Region of the American Water Ski Association encompassing 13 states. In 1972 he proudly served as the U.S. judge for the water ski demonstration at the Olympics held in Kiel, Germany.

Not bad for the skinny kid whose only early instruction in water skiing had been to "hang on."

That's what he does. Hangs on.

Allen Bubolz's education and business career parallel the physical fitness and competition enthusiasm as well as the strong family threads that weave the total web of the Bubolz story. He likes to be open to new challenges; he's willing to take risks, to accommodate change in his life. At Valparaiso, where he majored in electrical engineering, he focused on high energy power transmission and electronics. His Valpo senior paper was on electronic space telemetry, anticipating the space movement. (Note that his university training was in the mid to late 1950's, about

the time Sputnik got off the ground.)

Upon college graduation, Allen had an instant job offer from Boeing's space division and Cape Canaveral, but something held him back. "I didn't want to plunge straight away into engineering," he reminisces. He applied and was accepted at the UW law school, but changed his career direction prior to graduation. While a law student, Allen concentrated on real estate law, and shortly after his graduate school stint he received his realtor's license.

Allen had begun his insurance career at the age of 16, in an effort to finance his water skiing enthusiasm. That career took a momentous turn the day his father sat him down in the back yard on River Drive, overlooking the river, to tell him that he was interested in branching out into life insurance. "I'd like you to kick it off," Gordon said.

The first policies were sold in 1967. Allen remembers that his only condition was that his father support his position with the board of directors, permitting a further branching into securities and a stock brokers' dealership. That was the beginning of Homeco Securities.

The Allen Bubolz children are the unofficial successors to television's Brady Bunch. The children are, in fact, a real "yours, mine and ours" crew. Allen's first marriage was to Nancy Paul, on June 20, 1959; Nancy had been a Valparaiso classmate. Their three children are Linda, born Feb. 27, 1961; Brenda, born March 19, 1963; and Kristen, born March 27, 1971. Allen married his present wife, a former T.W.A. airline hostess and graduate of Stephen's College, Kay Lynn Tusler, on Jan. 20, 1975. The story of that marriage also qualifies as a television sit com. Allen loves telling it.

Kay Bubolz brought three children to their amalgam of offspring: Katherine (another water skier!) Tusler, 26 in 1989, now married, living in Minneapolis and working as a speech therapist. And then there is Bill Tusler, water skier and weight lifter, 27 years old and a Bergstrom Motors sales manager, ("Darn good salesman" says Allen.), married to Bev Hannemann. And there is (water skier) Karen, now Mrs. Bud Worner, who developed a day care business, sold it and has since become a licensed real estate salesperson in Minneapo-

lis. Her husband is a Prudential Insurance district manager.

And finally there is "little" Gordon who, at 14, probably objects violently to being designated as "little" anything. Testimony to family determination, Gordon was downhill skiing when he was three; is now into U.S.S.A. slalom skiing. He plays the piano ("He's excellent," says Dad, crediting the Suzuki method), and is a member of the YMCA swim team.

Of the first batch of Allen Bubolz children, Brenda carries on the family tradition by being employed at Secura, concentrating her career presently in the investments field. Her college degree was in Spanish and finance; she spent two years in Spain polishing that aspect of preparation for her professional career. What's she like? "Dynamic, sparkling . . . a self-driver," her Dad says. He should know. And, of course, she water skis and is actively involved in exercise programs. She and Tom Purdy of Appleton were married October, 1991.

Linda, 28 in 1989, who shares the family passion for water skiing, for skimming about lakes and waterways on one or two skis, is a Spanish teacher. A St. Olaf College graduate, with a major in Spanish, she lives in Chicago with her husband, Naoyuki Ashida. He is a graduate of Coe College and is in the import-export business.

Kristen, 17, plans to study sports medicine at the University of Minnesota. She has competed in a number of triathlons; concentrates on track and cross country running; has competed in Junior Olympics and holds many

gold, silver and bronze medals. She is also a member of Athletes in Action.

The Allen/Kay wedding took place in Hawaii. Blending of the two families was not difficult. "The children had all known each other in school; they liked each other," Allen says. "They were friends, pals." Thus it was inevitable that Kay and Allen should take all six with them to Hawaii, where they had decided the late winter nuptials were to take place. They were all ensconced in a 12th floor suite at their hotel, overlooking the picture postcard Bay of Waikiki. "We watched the sails in the sunset," Allen remembers.

There were a couple of hurdles to be negotiated, however, along with some red tape—they hadn't arranged for a church, or a pastor to perform the ceremony. The marriage license clerk directed them to a nearby Lutheran church. Allen called the pastor, who replied that he couldn't commit to the ceremony without interviewing the couple.

The pastor met the fugitives from Wisconsin's winter . . . all eight of them. His minister's response was instantaneous. Of course he'd marry them. He'd love it.

Beni Hannas was chosen for dinner after the wedding. Its management team obviously recognizing the movie script romantic possibilities of the situation, planned a celebration for the newly created family. The gala had all kinds of special services and niceties including heaped-up gifts around the hastily procured wedding cake.

Their best wishes came true. "And that's when they all became the Bubolz Bunch!"

Chapter 12

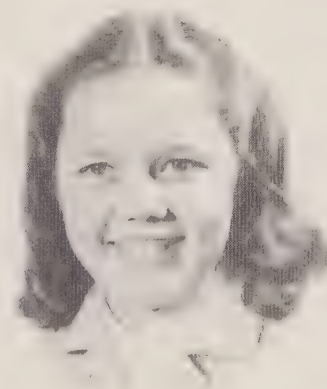
This is Milly

With Excerpts by Mary Ellen Ducklow and
Memories from Amelia Marilyn Rugland

My "favorite" (and only) daughter, Amelia (Milly), and her husband, Walter S. Rugland, Jr., live in West Granby, Connecticut, with their two daughters, Amy and Zay. Milly graduated from Valparaiso University, and received an M.A. degree in history from the University of Wisconsin. She studied law at Kent College at the Illinois Institute of Technology. A member of the bar in both Illinois and Connecticut, Milly is an attorney with the Sorokin and Sorokin Law Firm in Hartford, Connecticut. She served as a member of the board of directors of the Granby Chamber of Commerce and is presently a member of the board of North Connecticut Mental Health Systems.

Milly's love for the outdoors motivated her to organize a committee to save the scenic 100-acre Salmon Brook area in Granby as a community park. After she recommended to the Granby selectmen that Salmon Brook be saved, they said, "Sorry, we have no money in the budget for that purpose." She advised the selectmen to submit the matter to the voters for a decision, to which they agreed. The voters concurred overwhelmingly to authorize the expenditure of tax dollars to save Salmon Brook.

—Gordon Bubolz
Remembering Milly



One daughter in a family of three boys: that's Amelia (Milly) Marilyn Bubolz Rugland, born in 1938 and married to Walter S. Rugland—a graduate of Appleton West High School, and Luther College, Decorah, Iowa. Master's degree in Actuarial Science—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Received fellowship into Society of Actuaries—as Actuarial Consultant with Millinean & Robertson firm of Consultants. They presently reside in West Granby, Connecticut. They are the parents of two daughters, Amy and Zay. It comes as no surprise to anyone who knows the Bubolz family, in any generation, that the former Ms. Bubolz is an ardent and productive achiever.

Graduated from Appleton High School in 1956, Milly left the following September for Valparaiso University where she graduated in 1960 with a double major in history and Spanish and a minor in art. Subsequently, Milly earned a master's degree in history at the University of Wisconsin. For tens of thousands of educated women, that would be enough. Not, however, for Milly who then earned a law degree from Kent Law School in Chicago and is now a member of the bar in both Illinois and Connecticut. Currently, she practices law in Hartford, Connecticut.

Like her brothers before and after her, Milly is deeply involved in community affairs. She has served as a member of the board of directors of the Granby Chamber of Commerce and was a member, as well, of the North Connecticut Mental Health Systems.

Sharing her family's across-the-board passion for the out-of-doors and environmental concerns, Milly must have touched her father's heart deeply when he learned of her involvement in a campaign in Granby to save a scenic 100-acre site in the Salmon Brook area for use as a community park. The family penchant for effective political activity forged to the front when the recommendation, which she spearheaded, to purchase the area was made to the Granby selectmen. They succinctly replied, "Sorry, we don't have any money in the budget." Taking a leaf out of her father's book, Milly pressured the local selectmen to submit the matter to community voters for a decision. They did and the referendum vote was overwhelmingly in favor of authoriz-

ing the expenditure of tax dollars.

Like her father, mother, brothers, uncles, aunts and grandparents, Milly gets things done.

One of Milly's earliest memories of her father centers around the time she had her tonsils taken out and "Dad gave me a dollar and a doll. When he left, I hugged the doll and then tore the dollar into little pieces so it would be 'more dollars'. (It was the first time I remember having a dollar bill.) Allen told me I'd be in big trouble—I was scared. But when Dad saw what I had done and I explained my rationale, he laughed. He said he'd take the dollar to the bank to try to get it replaced. I remember thinking how big and wise he was."

On her tenth birthday, Milly and the family celebrated at the Limestone Castle restaurant in Shawano—with cake and candles and a photographer from the newspaper. "I look back at the photo from the *Shawano Evening Leader* and realize the event was probably P.R. for the campaign, but I felt like a princess. Dad made me the center of attention even to the press who really wanted to talk to him."

Sometimes, Milly remembers being pushed "a bit beyond where I wanted to be." One example involves the Victory Garden where "I was in charge of digging potatoes with Dad and planting seedlings by the hundreds. I always just wished he would let me quit." But Bubolzes didn't and don't quit—that's a family trait.

Milly remembers getting into trouble on more than one occasion. Specifically, there were times when the kids would aggravate Gordon to his limit: "Almost nightly, when Allen and John and I would fight or rumpus at bedtime, we would hear Dad say, 'If I hear one more peep out of you,' Whenever he left the room, one or more of us would often say, 'peep,' and giggle. I've always wondered if we really got away with it or if he just ignored us."

The special, laid back times with Gordon occurred on Sunday afternoons and evenings, the "only time he really had to relax at home. Listening to football and Sunday evening radio shows and eating popcorn and having him read the funnies (Katzanjammer Kids, Dagwood, Little Henry & Nancy), that was great fun."

Because of her Dad's totally involved lifestyle, Milly really got to know him best when she worked at Home Mutual during the summers between her 16th and 21st birthdays. "He and I had lots of lunches and meetings and some travel together, including driving to Elcho every Friday night. I usually drove:

"Dad: 'Can't you go a little faster, Milly?'

"Me: 'I'm going 75.'

"Dad: 'But, it's straight here!'

"I had the privilege," Milly reports, "of working with Dad when he organized the campaign to raise money for High Cliff Park. No one thought it could be done. We'd stay at work until late at night, licking envelopes and making calls. Dad solicited the corporations, of course, but his campaign to the people was amazing. 'Every dollar counts' was the motto and Dad was as thrilled with a one dollar personal contribution and note of encouragement as with the larger contributions. Optimism!. No one, including me, thought the amount needed could be raised by the deadline. Dad never doubted it."

Gordon's secretary, Betty Fose Houlihan, took full advantage of Milly's magic touch with her father. "Betty would have me talk Dad into making an appointment with someone in the company who really needed to see him—and I'd make sure he listened. When he was into a project, Dad had a way of tuning out the world; I could always get him to tune back in. I did this for quite a while before he knew I was working in concert with others. I could tell he thought I was terribly astute to see the need to address various business issues. When he did find out that Betty had enlisted my help, he thought it was quite humorous."

Milly particularly enjoyed going with Gordon to visit agents' homes. "We usually had lunch or coffee with them and on the way home, Dad would talk about the wonderful food, the wonderful character and loyalty of these people, their contributions to the community. I was always surprised to realize that there were hundreds of people he felt so close to and knew so much about because I had never known these people and we never really saw Dad relax and chat much at home."

"And then there was Elcho—wonderful teenage summer weekends of waterskiing, water ski club, water ski shows and even that turned into an environmental contribution by Dad. The Water Ski club became the Water Sports Club and we built fish shelters and the Mosquito Creek wildlife preserve area. Dad cheered us on."

That's the way of the Bubolzes—cheering each other on against insurmountable odds. Gordon taught his children well.

During Milly's college years, she became quite liberal, voiced her views and argued about Castro, economic policies, etc. "Dad and I did not always agree politically. I voted for Democrats some and would tell him so. I supported Governor Nelson for governor and once when we went to a dinner in Madison together, I was surprised to hear Dad introduce me to Governor Nelson by saying: 'This is my daughter, Milly, who is misguided politically.' He had a twinkle in his eye and added something like 'I guess I'm proud of her anyway—she knows how to pick a winner.' Governor Nelson and Dad had a laugh. They were already good friends and had been working on environmental issues together for years."

Chapter 13

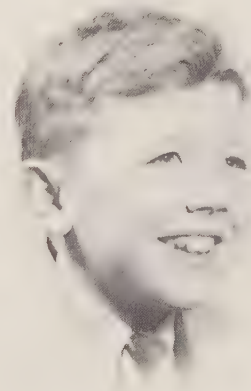
This is John (1989)

by Mary Ellen Ducklow

John also chose to be an attorney. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin Law School, he served for two years as captain of U.S. Military Intelligence under Generals Westmoreland and Abrams in Viet Nam. While a student at the University of Wisconsin, he was associated with ROTC for four years. He continued his ROTC training and service for three additional years. During his military career, John attained the ranks of lieutenant, captain, and major, and presently holds the title of major in the U.S. Army Reserves.

Sports editor of the Appleton West High School and the University of Wisconsin school newspapers, John's writings inspired student, community, and team enthusiasm, and became a vital part of the success of school sports programs. John was elected president of Home Mutual Insurance Company in 1982. He successfully headed many top-priority civic and community efforts. John is chairman of the Tri-County Highway Citizens Committee, which secured state and federal approval and funding for a tri-county expressway to expedite the flow of traffic. He is president of the Appleton Development Council, which works to achieve growth in area communities. John, his wife, Patti, and two daughters, Becky and Katy, reside in Appleton.

—Gordon Bubolz
Remembering John



John

John Bubolz, third child and second son of Gordon and Amelia Bubolz, was born in 1941. A glance at his resume reads like that of the other Bubolzes of the last three generations: conventional education with an emphasis on professional degrees, and in post-college years, rapid advancement in those professions or in the family-based business and in service activities on local, state and national levels.

I'm interested in making a difference," he says, "making a contribution."

Reminiscing about his school days, especially during the period when he was deeply involved in school clubs and youth groups at church, he says, "Excelling there was not so much a matter of intellectual ability as it was simply showing up, showing an interest and a desire in doing good things. It was a matter of being in a position to influence decisions."

It bothers him that only a handful of persons contribute to greater than personal goals. "There are too few people for leadership positions," he says. "There's too much apathy."

John, now president and chief executive officer (since 1982) of Secura Insurance, distinguished himself in military service during the Vietnam war. That's a tour of duty to which he feels, still, a deep dedication and sense of pride. Retired now, with the permanent rank of major, he served in the United States Army military intelligence between 1966 and 1969.

A high-achieving father makes a deep and lasting impact upon his children. The very first memories John dredges up underscore the cumulative effect of a lifetime of knowing Gordon.

His very first memory of his father is seeing him in a sort of montage—walking across the street at River Drive where Gordon was cultivating a wartime Victory Garden. The message was clear: if the harvest was not bountiful, civilians served on the home front. John was a toddler at that point.

And he remembers especially the summers when Gordon and Amelia took the children to the working vacation ranch "out West." Here the memories parallel those of younger brother Jerry. "We rode out there in a big sedan," he recalls. "I remember it as a time when the

family was all together." It's to be remembered that those were the early years of Gordon's tenure in the Wisconsin State Senate; his entry into active politics was in 1944.

What about those years of Gordon's senatorial career?

"As I reflect on it, I have a sense of loss," John says. But the realization is there, too, that this was Gordon's tour of duty, not unlike his own later commitment to military service.

Sense of loss? Father's absences? There were compensations, typically referred to a generation later as the "quality time" parents spend with their children. "I guess that's why the vacation memories are so vivid." (Those were the days, by the way, before the purchase of the family cottage at Enterprise Lake, where there was warm togetherness, the sense of security and contentment that had characterized the western trips.)

John's memories of the level and type of discipline exercised in the Gordon and Amelia Bubolz household on River Drive parallel those of his brothers. How did Dad indicate serious displeasure?

"Spanking," he says succinctly. There's more German pioneer way of life expressed here than there is postwar Dr. Spock stuff. Just Dad? Nope. Mother, too.

What small boy sins warranted spanking? "Getting out of line." Pressed to be precise, John grins: "Being too noisy. Not settling down. Ruckus." Stern warnings preceded direct action.

Example: In the manner of all red-blooded elementary school boys, John and a pal were crossing Memorial Drive Bridge between home and Jefferson School, with two little girls bringing up the rear. John, feeling a surge of masculine authority, announced to the girls, "You can't cross the bridge 'til we do!" The girls rebelled.

It became necessary to "push them down on the sidewalk." Punishment was swift and appropriate when word spread to the house on River Drive.

Whether his father's political career had an effect upon John's early school life is a moot point; he was 4 through 12 years old while his father served in the senate, so the effect, if any may have been more theoretical than actual.

"I don't think I consciously imitated my father, but I always was on the student council, or an officer of the council." (His wife, the former Patricia R. Wink, always known as Patti, was a class officer, he recalls. Other former Appletonians, one of them an internationally recognized oceanographer, remembers Patti warmly as absolutely the world's best baby-sitter. He recalls that Patti always came to his house armed with books, toys and a game plan for the evening which would keep the fledgling scientist and his rambunctious brother and sister not only out of harm's way but deeply involved until Mom and Dad reappeared. John, Patti's number one high school boyfriend, was not permitted to visit while she baby-sat. It wasn't the parents of the three youngsters who set the guidelines, it was Patti herself.)

After high school, John attended the University of Wisconsin, earning his BA degree, with a major in political science, in 1963.

Patti, a graduate of Cornell College, Iowa, secured a teaching position in Madison, where she dealt with dozens of fifth graders, while John enrolled in the University of Wisconsin law school. He received his law degree in 1966.

(His earliest ambition, he says, was to be a truck driver; the law school decision was made during his freshman year in college.)

Having enrolled in the Reserve Officers Training Corps as an undergraduate, John received his ROTC commission and, the year of his law school graduation, went on active duty at Fort Benning, Georgia. The following fall he was assigned to Fort Halabird, Maryland, located in a sub-industrial area teeming with chemical and industrial plants.

His first overseas assignment, extending from early 1967 through 1968, was in the Republic of West Germany at Goeppingen. His wife Patti went with him to Germany, teaching at the base school at Cooke Barracks. John then was attached to Headquarters, Fourth Armored Division, an intelligence unit, of the 504th Military Detachment.

Then came the big one. He was ordered to Vietnam where he served through 1969, as part of an intelligence section of the Military Assistance Command, headquarters for all American forces operations in the country, located on the outskirts of Saigon.

The down side, along with the other down sides of being in Vietnam in the 1960's, was, of course, that Patti had to stay home in the United States; they'd had a six weeks' stay at home between the German and Southeast Asia assignments.

Those Vietnam months were obviously no picnic. For one thing, says John, probably the top . . . or, more accurately, the bottom . . . was the fact that his wife could not be with him. Second, he was steadily in a combat zone. "There were no front lines in Vietnam." As a result, there was no place to hide. "We were always exposed."

Twenty years later, he sees it as "a learning experience. It helped me to understand better who I was."

Did he have a sense of mission about his military service in Vietnam? "We were doing," he says, "a job that had to be done." It was a question of a collective effort to muster up the strength to determine destinies, "and to do it in a democratic way."

Years after the fact, John Bubolz's convictions are not universally held. The determination that the Vietnam questions had to be resolved in a democratic way was the answer to the recurring question, often bitterly answered, of "why we were there," he says.

In his view, the boat people's odysseys after the American withdrawal exemplified the reason for America's presence in Southeast Asia. "The boat people were choosing," he says.

Predictably, he was not in sympathy with what he characterizes as the unceremonious withdrawal of American forces supporting the South Vietnamese. "We went back on our word," he says. In his view, "We had a commitment to continue to supply the Vietnamese with military aid. Congress cut back on it."

There was a point at which the Secura CEO did indeed consider a permanent career in the military. And he might have made that decision had it not been for the enforced separations from his wife and family.

At that time, the turnaround period for service in Vietnam was 13 months. As an occupational specialist working with a small unit, his period of obligation was over. His rank was captain.

Upon his return to Appleton, to Patti and family, his plan was to work with the then

Home Mutual companies, although he did, for a time, play with the idea of changing to the legal branch of the army.

To back up a bit, John recalls his father and mother's reaction when he announced, earlier on, that he intended to pursue military service following his ROTC commissioning. His father and grandfather, by virtue of their ages and places in time during periods of American military crises, had no military experience. But he points out what everybody who knew them knew: they were intensely patriotic, they both had exhibited and given testimony to their strong sense of appreciation to their country, an appreciation expressed in their unflagging efforts on behalf of local, state and national affairs. In short, John Bubolz had his parents' strong backing when he opted for active military duty. That support, however, was not without trepidation on their part, he says.

The Patti and John Bubolz household on pretty Crestview Drive in southeast Appleton always has been family-centered. These are parents who are deeply interested in their daughters, with mother Patti opting for home rather than the business world, backstopping her immensely busy husband and staying close to her children's lives.

Becky was born in 1969 and Katy, in 1971. "Our daughters know it's in their own interests to be more than one-dimensional," John says. "We know, and they know, that experiences are an important part of education." He wants the girls to share the satisfactions that he, as a youngster and a young man, got

out of school and church activities and the myriad community activities since then, "It's a question of making a difference. Of seeing things happen."

John Bubolz's late 1980's activities attest to the fact that the highly developed bent for community service is still alive and probably more active than ever. For the last several years, he has consistently devoted two full days a week to community service as a representative of his company. One of his strongly reiterated principles is that a good company "must be a good corporate citizen." Such service is regarded as one of the responsibilities of leadership at Secura. And everybody at Secura knows it.

Philosophies that John learned from his father?

"I learned the art of making a positive out of a negative, of looking for good coming out of bad."

John Bubolz's progress through Secura Insurance's hierarchy began in 1969 when, until 1972, he served as administrative assistant to the president. Subsequently he has moved through chairs as assistant vice president and legal counsel; vice president, assistant general counsel and claims manager; executive vice president (1981 and 1982) and, of course, president since 1982. He began his service on the board of directors in 1981.

Typically Bubolz? Yes. But John Bubolz is also his own man. One with unique and distinct goals and his own mission.

Chapter 14

This is Jerry (1989)

by Mary Ellen Ducklow

When our youngest son Jerry was four years old, we knew he spoke from the heart when he said, "When I grow up, I want to be a minister." Toward the end of each service our congregation sang, "Till We Meet, Till We Meet Again." (Jerry liked that song, thinking they were singing, "Till We Eat, Till We Eat Again!")

After graduating from Luther College in Iowa, Jerry completed three years of training in theology at Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary in Columbus, Ohio, and, after his internship, was ordained a pastor in 1972. From 1972 to 1986, he served two congregations, one in northwestern Minnesota and one in northern Wisconsin.

Jerry now lives in Appleton with his wife, Mary Ellen, and daughter, Emilie, continuing his ministry as a fill-in pastor, developing laity witnessing and soul-winning outreach efforts, and assisting with special church-growth assignments. His sense of humor and speaking skills have made him popular in civic and community programs. Jerry was named Community Relations Coordinator for Secura Life, Secura Financial, and Secura Investments.

—Gordon Bubolz
Remembering Jerry



Editor's Note: Since 1988 Jerry has been pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church in Lancaster, Ohio. He lives there with his wife, Mary Ellen, and daughter, Emilie, now age 14. Mary Ellen graduated summa cum laude from Bemidji State University, Bemidji, Minnesota.

Jerry

Jerry Bubolz, now the Rev. Gerald Bubolz, 44-year-old pastor of the Calvary Orthodox Church of Lancaster, Ohio (proudly cited by this youngest of the Gordon and Amelia Bubolz children as the home of General William Sherman), represents yet another thread in the web of Bubolz family life-focuses.

Jerry's grandparents had pioneered the development of a church in their community; his parents, aunts, uncles and cousins have been involved in their respective churches as hard-working laymen and laywomen. His Uncle George, a graduate of Lutheran Theological Seminary in Columbus, Ohio, served a Lutheran pastorate in Lansing, Michigan, for 20 years before turning to insurance, real estate, writing and broadcasting. (Uncle George, by the way, was the author in 1975 of a lively family biography, *Father Julius and Mother Emilie—A Personal Biography of Midwestern Pioneers*, which bristles with warm and sprightly anecdotes.)

A chatty, informal, conversation with Jerry Bubolz in the sunny Secura Companies' cafeteria underscores another family characteristic so noticeable in this multigenerational clan. They're eager people—open, willing, even enthusiastic, in communicating what they think, feel, and aspire to.

Jerry's blue eyes ignite; he laughs frequently, he is appealingly . . . and sincerely . . . self-deprecatory, but there is a calmness, too, reflecting a sense of self-ness, of knowing who he is, where he's going and why.

Interviewed virtually on the eve of his departure in the early fall of 1988 for his new pastorate in Ohio—a decision that followed a long careful search across the Upper Middle West for exactly the right slot—he was bubbling with boyish excitement.

Coming off a two-year stint as community relations coordinator for Secura Investment and Secura Financial, he was ready to go, to move, to return to what clearly was, and is, his first love—the church. "My wife likes being a

pastor's wife," he says. They had served a Lutheran parish in Argyle, Minnesota, for four years, a town he describes with obvious affection. (He had met his wife Mary Ellen there; she was born just 40 miles away in Karlstad). Argyle is in Minnesota's Red River Valley, some 300 miles northwest of the Twin Cities.

"So now I'm moving into my own church again," he says.

Graduated from Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, with, perhaps, a career in business administration in mind, he admits frankly his freshman year was tough. He grins philosophically. "You just do the best you can." His BA degree (1968) eventually was in religion and political science. Then, he says, his feet "were led by the Holy Spirit" and he was off to the Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary.

Subsequently, he served the Bethel Lutheran Church in Superior as well as the Minnesota congregation, capably back-stopped by his young wife. She had been a librarian and a teacher of German.

Reminiscing about growing up as the "tail-gunner," his description of the position of the youngest in a family of four, Jerry says he thinks his slot among his siblings "might have let me get away with more things." But he's quick to characterize his parents as "treating us all equally. They recognized all of us as individual personalities," Jerry remembers. The affection and the respect, viewing Father and Mother from a mid-life perspective, are evident. "Nobody ever said to any of us, 'Why can't you be more like so-and-so?'"

What does Jerry remember of his childhood, specifically of times with his father? Jerry was born in 1945 when World War II was finally over, and the young Home Mutual companies well-launched. Gordon was beginning his second year of the several terms he served in the state senate. The senate convened, obviously, in Madison—not at home in the Fox River Valley. "Dad," Jerry remembers, "was gone a lot."

But there was the antic excitement of Friday nights, during the legislative sessions, when Dad came home. Jerry remembers the big hug, the "What did you bring me, Daddy?" There was always a coming-home present.

But, in retrospect, there is a moment of soberness. A quiet, "It was tough, I guess."

Those weren't the only tough times, clearly. When your father is a lawyer and the head of a big company and a state senator, a little boy is likely to be "awestruck." That's his word. Those are big shoes. There are expectations: the expectations one has of one's self. "I had to emulate Dad. I had to achieve something."

And then the conversational mood changes. The facial muscles relax; the smile is open and wide and boyish again.

"About my junior year in high school, I think, God spoke to me. It was like I heard, 'Be yourself, Jerry.'"

It was a load off my shoulders. I was relieved. I guess I felt free to be me . . . not my brother, not my father. Me."

The Bubolz boys and their pretty, hard-working sister all grew up in the handsome house on River Drive, one of those interesting lots on the intersecting circles of the neighborhood dropping, all manicured green, down to the south bank of the Fox River as it rushed and ambled from Lake Winnebago to Green Bay.

The boys occupied a large front facing, dormitory-like room on the second floor. There were three single beds there: three boys born in 11 years hold at least the potential of chaos in any family. Only there wasn't any, to speak of. Clearly stated family expectations tend to obviate the classic TV image of three tumbling-about youngsters, with furniture crashing to the floor in their wake. Fun there was, and noise, but there was calm discipline, too.

"We did our homework in the dining room or the kitchen," Jerry says. He loved television. How about his Dad?

"Not much," the youngest son remembers. Dad's den was in the basement; it was an important place, probably very close to sacrosanct as viewed by a five- or six-year-old. Again that word: "Awesome."

Home? Jerry remembers the Persian rugs. He remembers his mother coming home, perhaps from a stint as a hospital volunteer. He'd hear her voice: "You home, Jerry?"

"I'm home, Mother."

On the early end of the Baby Boom, Jerry was just the right age to begin school first at Jefferson and then at Foster School, the first a

sprawling new cream-colored brick complex at the wooded edge of the ravine on the west side of Pierce Park.

There were dogs, always, at the Bubolz house. It was Sheba who leaps to the front of Jerry's mind, rushing to meet him when he burst in from school, jumping up, rolling ecstatically. Sheba was a poodle, he remembers, ticking off the others: Nickie, a springer, who ran away; Sadie, a black cocker. And another poodle. Jerry and Mary Ellen have a cat, Tuffy.

Every generation thinks "Christmas" with the instant mental replay of dozens of Yule season memories . . . just like when someone says home. Christmas *is* home, and family.

So it is with Jerry Bubolz.

With Mother Amelia's affectionate and proudly-held Norwegian heritage, Christmas celebrations in the Gordon Bubolz household had a distinctly Scandinavian flavor. Jerry recalls the Norwegian aspects of the holidays; not all of the transplanted customs were high on his list: "To this day I don't like lutefisk," he says flatly. But the other memories are warm. Mother and Dad and the children gathered late in the evening in the living room after the children's Christmas program at First English Lutheran Church. At home, they gathered around the piano and sang the old Christmas hymns while soft light fell in golden rectangles across the snowy lawn outside.

And then: the big moment. No, Gordon did not distribute the gifts; the children took turns. Jerry's traditional place was in front of the coffee table. The most special gift, the one that still sticks in his mind was his beloved telescope. He still has it.

"I was the last one in the family to believe in Santa Claus," the Reverend Mr. Bubolz says. "I was ten." The older children were protective, he remembers, although his sister Milly protested the "faking." "One year there just wasn't a present marked 'From Santa' " he says. "Then I knew."

But in the meantime, for Jerry, there were the cookies and milk left out for St. Nick, and the 13 sugar cubes, two each for Donner and Blitzen and the others and one for Rudolph in those early days when the red-snouted lead reindeer joined Santa's caravan.

One wonderful year when he was about

seven or eight, there was that other Christmas Eve miracle: the snowy footprints around the fireplace.

Other memories unfurl. The circus: the blaring brassy band; the odd, acrid, exotic smell of bales of trampled hay and hot people and a line of lumbering elephants and clouds of pink cotton candy. The Appleton area circus grounds in Jerry's boyhood were at the end of South Memorial Drive, coincidentally about a quarter of a mile east from the rolling green campus of the new Secura buildings and occupying the present site of the Valley Fair Shopping Mall.

Gordon took the children to the circus. They remember that.

And the Fourth of July: hot dogs and potato chips. Fireworks exploding in golden and scarlet and emerald sky-flowers in the dark summer sky, just across the still river from home.

Summer: There were the swimming lessons at the YMCA . . . in Jerry's childhood the "old" Appleton Y.

The event that most sharply etched summer in the memories and the photo albums of the Bubolz children was, of course, the purchase of the family cottage at Enterprise Lake, 20 miles north of Antigo.

Jerry is quick to dive into another set of summer memories, as are others in the family: the three successive vacations in 1948, 1949 and 1950, when, bag and baggage and complete with current resident dog, they journeyed to Colorado, to Glendale Springs, to the ranch. Cabin. Lodge. Horses. Wide-arching western skies. Crystalline, high altitude air that makes your nostrils smart and your breath come fast, especially if you're only four, five or six years old.

Special memories of Dad? Jerry had them. Every "typical" American boy plunges ecstatically into that universal rite-of-passage: getting his driver's license. For Jerry, it was in 1960. Gordon didn't teach the boys to drive. They taught each other. In Jerry's case, his mentor was John. Power steering had just come in; the big world waited.

The test? "I made it the first time," Jerry remembers. "I did OK. There were some things they told me I could improve on, but I was OK."

In the growing-up Bubolz household, there was no constant buzz and snarl about "taking the car." There was a car available, although one assumes that occasionally there was some wheeling and dealing to get on the top of the list. The kids could always use the car . . . usually their mother's.

There were no hard-and-fast curfews; the children were trusted, and in large part that trust was not misplaced.

"We set our own coming-in times," Jerry says. The important thing was that they come home safely, and conduct themselves sensibly.

However, lest this whole scenario sound too much like one of the Leave It to Beaver episodes of the 1950's, there's Jerry's story of The Accident.

He was a senior in high school and had been cast in the role of the pearl merchant in the lavishly produced and highly touted "Kismet." After a rehearsal, Jerry was driving friends home; there was an ill-advised U-turn and a collision. There was damage . . . reportable . . . to the left front of Mom's car.

"I think I'll have to tell your father," Amelia said to a quaking Jerry. He was white-faced.

She did. Nobody argued; it was right. Inevitable.

"Dad had only one question," the 44-year old Rev. Mr. Bubolz recalls. "First, he said, 'Are you hurt?'"

No.

'Was anybody else hurt?'

No.

'That's all right, then,' the executive/environmentalist/legislator/father said, calmly, 'You can always repair a car. Not a human life.' "

The upshot: For Jerry, it was six weeks of traffic school despite the cynical assumptions of his friends: "Aw, Jerry's old man's a big shot. He'll get him off."

Gordon didn't. Gordon wouldn't.

How about Jerry's involvement in youth and family activities at the church on E. North Street? Were there scrapings of toes into carpet when it was time to set out, to get to a meeting, to assume a youthful responsibility?

"I just took it for granted. It was part of life. It was what we did. No, I wouldn't back off. I wouldn't let myself. I knew that we couldn't tarnish the family name. Our name was re-

spected. I had to do my part.”

The family rules, in short, became a part of one’s thinking. One’s life. “We were expected to behave with decorum and respect.”

Spanking’s gone out of fashion in the post-war years.

It may not have been fashionable, but it was practiced with discretion in the Bubolz household. “We dreaded it,” Jerry says. But the rules were clear.

What made Father angry?

“Noise. Walking . . . or running “like elephants. Waking Dad up.”

He remembers John hiding under a bed, rear poking out from under the coverlet.

He remembers his Dad’s words: “All right! Last warning!” And the spanking.

Jerry was about 14 years old when the revered and beloved patriarch, Grandfather Bubolz, died. From an adolescent’s point of view, Julius must have been unimaginably old. This quite incredible gentleman went to his office daily until about ten days before his death.

Jerry remembers Grandpa vividly. They all had visited, of course, weekly.

Gordon gave Jerry a stretchable rubber dollar bill.

“I remember once I showed it to Grandpa,” Jerry says. “Grandpa said, ‘See, Jerry’, money can stretch.’ ”

If you used it right, of course.

When talking about the funeral services, something small-boy and bereft appears in

the grown man’s eyes. “I was in the car. I remember wanting to cry out, ‘It’s not fair, Lord! It’s not fair!’”

He continues, “I got out of the car, then, from the dark into the brightness, and I felt a warm presence.

“I realized Grandpa was in heaven.

“It was all right, then.”

Retrospectively, how does a uniquely frank and overt Lutheran pastor in his middle years assess the influence of his father Gordon? What did he like most about him . . . or least? Besides simply loving him, of course?

“The most important lesson I learned from him? This one: be yourself.”

The Gordon Bubolz qualities that his son Jerry admires most?

“He is warm. He is open. He is loving. He’s sensitive to people, to their needs. He did . . . does . . . good things quietly. Public awareness of these things isn’t necessarily important to him. He just does them.”

Always the balanced wheel, there was the influence as well of the strong, steady, humorous, ever-present, ever-reliable and supportive mother, Amelia. Indeed, taking into account Gordon’s enforced absences in Madison, as he helped shape an emergent postwar state of Wisconsin, the Rev. Gerald L. Bubolz sees Mom overall as an equally sharp-edged image in the growing up years.

What was Amelia’s philosophy of child-rearing?

“Simple,” says Jerry: “Behave yourselves!”

Chapter 15

Secura at Home— The House of Insurance (1989)

by Mary Ellen Ducklow

On a daily basis thousands of people whiz by the Secura Companies home at 2401 S. Memorial Drive, on the southwest edge of Appleton: students and faculty members from the nearby University of Wisconsin Center-Fox Valley on their way to classrooms, labs and lecture halls; workers en route to and from the Neenah, Menasha and Appleton mills; shoppers vibrating between downtown malls, city-edge shopping centers and discount houses. It's a pulsating artery.

Secura's buildings sit low-to-the land, visually restful, a tasteful complex of connecting units, wings and enclosed and open courtyards. There's a circular fountain and flower beds that sway in the wind—bright with flashy bulbs in the spring, scarlet and yellow in their spiky leaf wrappings; multi-flower geraniums bloom later, by the dozens. There is a conversational tinkle of water from the fountain jets. The rolling green campus and screening plants muffle the roar and snarl of traffic.

The Secura Companies (re-named from Home Mutual in the 1980's) are at home here. Architecture and interior design, along with the landscaping, send a multi-page message. Security. Solidity. Trust. A personal and a corporate affinity for the arts. And, of course, the collective companies' wide-ranging affection and concern for the environment in which the business, its hundreds of employees and its pivotal executive family work and live.

Philosophy of design and architectural concept aside, Secura's home is eye-filling. Just

hitting the high spots, a guided tour can take you more than an hour. By the time you're in the north woodsy atmosphere of the relaxing Wolf River lounge, the setting for much of Gordon Bubolz's treasured Indian memorabilia, or pressing your nose against the glittering glass cabinets of Amelia Bubolz's extensive doll collection, you realize you can spend a morning here—or a day—just looking.

As the Home Mutual Insurance Company grew . . . and grew . . . it became apparent in the early 1960's that its quarters in the AAL College Avenue building in downtown Appleton were being outgrown. Besides, AAL needed more room for its parallel growth. Home Mutual had long since outrun its space in downtown Appleton's impressive 12-story Art Deco marble, brass and dark mirrored Irving Zuelke Building a few blocks east.

The new site was selected: a 29-acre plot that had accommodated most recently a golf driving range. (Secura grounds workers and strolling employees still pick up an occasional golf ball.)

Coincidentally, that southwest neighborhood of Appleton, between the city and Menasha, was already inch-by-inch familiar to Gordon Bubolz. A few years before he had spearheaded a committee of community leaders and University of Wisconsin alumni to find an appropriate site for the University of Wisconsin Center-Fox Valley, now located and pushing into its fourth decade at neighboring 1478 Midway Road. (The UW Center, in the early 1970's, named Gordon Bubolz

“Citizen of the Year” at graduation time.)

The Appleton architectural firm of Sauter-Seaborne was chosen, with Bob Duzak in charge. Decorators from Marshall Fields of Chicago were selected to execute the interior design.

The first building soon was supplemented by a second addition, beyond the airy enclosed atrium, which more than doubled its space. The first element numbered 55,000 square feet; the second added 75,000 more, and the third component, completed in April of 1989, pushed out another 50,000 square feet. The second addition was designed to accommodate, among other functions, the EDP systems, the training center and the Wisconsin claims department.

The first step into the spacious reception area with its big-scaled sofas, roomy chairs and capacious gleaming wood tables with generous helpings of current magazines and books, says “hello” in as friendly a fashion as a neighbor’s living room.

The single most striking feature of the reception room . . . indeed, perhaps in the whole building . . . is the massive vertical sculpture with falling water that trickles into a pool at its base. It spirals down, dominant on the rough textured lannon stone walls. Its designer, Eldon Don Hausen, carefully crafted it in copper so that it would not achieve its ultimate color, a shimmery blue-green, until after 18 years of exposure to lime and water deposits.

Off to the left of the reception area, and a few steps into the north-south corridor, opens the auditorium, with its well-designed, workable stage. The room can be divided by folding doors into three self-contained areas for separate but simultaneous meetings or opened to its full capacity of 300 persons. In addition to company meetings, seminars, workshops and even parties, the space is available for community groups. (It was in the auditorium that Gordon Bubolz, having stepped up to the board chairmanship from chief operating executive, posed happily for employee-photographers wearing his “Chairman of the Bored” T-shirt.)

Every step deeper into the building reinforces the first impression: that this is a completely modern, functional, interconnect-

ing set of units. Designed to be at one with the landscape, Secura’s home has, as well, a high tech look, reflective of the society in which it operates.

Because of the proximity of the Secura site to the well-known historic Indian settlement Butte des Morts (“hill of the dead”) and the surviving Indian mounds that poke up here and there in the city of Menasha parks and green spaces, there always is speculation about Secura’s own campus. There is, in particular, a gently contoured but very visible horizontal mound off to the east of the buildings and considerably back from Highway 47 (S. Memorial Drive). An Indian mound? Not so. Rather those mounds are constructed of the earth excavated to create the lovely artificial lake. There are two reasons, then, for the Secura campus mounds: the green-turfed, gentle rises were cost-saving over trucking away the tons of dirt from the lake; and, second, “it’s just so pretty.” Ask any of the employees. Or visitors.

The 150 by 100-yard lake came late into the planning of the site; there are wonderful Secura in-house stories about the sudden, ad lib, after-thought plan to stock the lake with trout. Mr. B thought it would be nice to have trout. He likes trout. The artificial lake was three feet deep. Why not trout? Unfortunately, even with hundreds of pounds of trucked-in ice to cool down the sun-warmed water and deepening the lake to 11 feet, the trout didn’t make it, despite anxious monitoring.

Underscoring Secura’s corporate vanguard philosophy demanding generous helpings of the human, the touchable and senses-pleasing aspects of the buildings, as well as its executives’ long-time deep devotion to the natural environment, the landscape designer tagged for the job was the firm of Lipp-Wehler of Wheaton, Ill. From its artists and drawing boards came the stunning inner courtyard, the atrium, the fountains and, of course, the handsome reception area.

Throughout the building, interior colors are restful and eye-pleasing. They don’t intrude upon concentration; they are welcoming. Warm terra cotta walls and gray-toned carpets lead from area to area. There are sports trophies here and art everywhere. Secura executives have a wide leeway in selecting the pieces

which they want to hang in their offices, and the personalities of each are showcased on the basis of their choices.

Probably the most memorable Secura home offices' architectural feature is the exotic enclosed atrium. Originally, it was seen simply as the open space between the first and second buildings bumping up to the lannon exterior of the original structure. The illumination of the enclosed glass which is flooded by daylight is amplified by a "celestial cube" system. There's a seating area, divided into individual spaces—it's depressed from the level at which one enters, benches edge up to or peek out from behind tropically green and luxuriant plants, shrubs and trees. Sometimes there are satin-white peace lilies nodding in pots—or scarlet poinsettias or brilliant mums. Board members like being served lunch here, as do such visiting groups as the Fox Cities Chamber of Commerce planning committee.

There is a tumble of natural rock and a small bridge which arches over a well-disciplined but rustic-appearing little stream. There's quiet shade—the trees, imported from Florida, required six months of acclimation. Local florist employees are on duty three or four times a week to care for the trees, the plants and their subtropical setting.

The restful beauty of the atrium is not restricted to directors, executives or visiting VIP's. Several departments have stationed their employees so that desks and work stations face directly on to the "celestial cube" so that quiet intervals of just looking, between the whirl of phones or the flickering of video screens, are there for the taking. Flexible partitioning insures that the phone services and sales and advertising departments are within scent of the atrium. Also close by is the computer center, with its 32 billion character capacity system. (A Honeywell installation.)

Secura's cafeteria seats 250 persons. Its atmosphere and ambience are as welcoming as the menu and the daily specials. Like most of the public and executive areas, its window wall looks to the east and the green campus and parking areas, and to the south to the new courtyard.

The coffee is always hot, fresh, fragrant and available; the food is just plain good. Three full-time cooks are employed in the cafeteria;

it's open from 7:30 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. daily (although you can get coffee anytime). A digression: Secura employees opted long ago for a 7:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. work day to give themselves extra daylight hours with their families and out-of-doors. A half-hour lunch break, agreed upon by everybody, makes that early closing possible.

Lighting from theatrical-looking bulbs illuminates the cafeteria—there's a soft brilliance that is cheery when daytime is compressed between a gray 7:45 in the morning and the dimming at 4:00 in the afternoon.

Some 150 persons are expected through the cafeteria line each noon. (There are about 350 employees in the home office.) There are microwaves for the brown-baggers; and when spring, summer and autumn days are golden and long, Secura folks are likely to be in the courtyard, on the deck or ambling toward the lake.

A nerve center for the second addition is the education area, a 60 seat auditorium constructed in 1980 to accommodate the frequent in-service training sessions for agents and employees. A stage, state-of-the-art audio and video capabilities, a movable lectern with sight, sound, light and screen controls and five semicircular tiers of seats have been designed to maximize the effectiveness of training sessions.

Paintings, sketches, prints, engravings and sculpture are showcased throughout the building. (*Editor's Note: Gordon held the first Appleton Gallery of Arts "All Wisconsin Artists" show at the Secura office and from it purchased many of the art pieces in the various offices.*) The visitor becomes aware of the personal, the family sense of the place, the thread of continuity that unwinds from the home farm in the town of Cicero to the Wisconsin lannon stone and sub-tropical atrium of the expanding new home. The portraits of Father Julius and Mother Emilie Bubolz in the corridors and the oil painting of the Bubolz farm by Appleton artist Tom Dietrich remind everyone daily of the company's and the family's beginnings.

The father and mother of Secura, Julius and Emilie Bubolz, look soberly out of their frames, she in blue, with the proper lawn-and-lace collar secured with a modest dogwood blossom

pin; Julius with his gold watch chain draped tautly over the tightly buttoned vest. His eyes are penetrating; the look is stern and businesslike, but there is a glimmer of humor there, too; you don't live to be 93, easing into your desk chair every morning until within 10 days of your death, without humor.

There's a sculptured bust of Gordon—"Mr. B"—in the main floor community auditorium, crafted and dedicated on the occasion of Home Mutual's 75th year. It recognizes Gordon for his "personal efforts" on behalf of company, community and country.

Work is the pivot on which Secura—and the extended Bubolz family—turns, but there's a corporate recognition, as well as a family-wide personal one, that the old "sound mind in a sound body" maxim couldn't be truer.

There is a large complex dedicated totally to fitness, the equivalent of the best in area health clubs. (There's a corporate medical consultant, Dr. John Russo, whose office is just down the corridor.) Everything's here: men's and women's locker rooms and showers, weight machines, treadmill, stationary bicycles and the "barre" for ballet-type and stretching exercises. Instructors are on hand three days a week; the facilities are open daily and even for half-days on Saturdays. All employees and their spouses are welcome and encouraged to make full use of the facility.

The Art of Secura

The heart of Secura's well-known art collection is straight out of the mainstream of Gordon Bubolz's life. The commitment to showcasing local and Wisconsin artists and their work lies in his devotion to, and genuine love for, the natural world.

It is Phil Sealy, nationally-known Appleton-based painter, whom Gordon credited with the assembling and launching of the Secura art collection. "I wanted our new building to be a showcase for Wisconsin's beauty as it has been perceived by Wisconsin artists," he said. Sealy was given carte blanche in acquiring the first 100 paintings, which ultimately represented some 30 Badger State artists. The only premise was, in addition to reflecting the collection's theme, the art had to be big league.

And so it is Secura's art was to reflect what

Secura is: the home place.

The art and nature lover is at home at Secura: the new courtyard between the second and third buildings has its own stream supplied by the same well water sources that feed the lake and the fountain waters. The new outdoor deck, like the atrium and the entrance lobby copper sculpture, says "Look: this is a beautiful world. Take time to see, to appreciate."

The combined inventories of the Secura art collections divided between the Homeco Financial home office and the Home Mutual home office art works, now runs nearly six closely typed pages.

Only a few of the art holdings are not originals. The voice of generations of the Bubolz family speaking out of a century of devotion to the land is as clear as the titles of the paintings, all of them representational. The scenes of childhood, the traditions of the family, the strong sense of home, the decades-long efforts of the chairman of the board to preserve natural beauty spots: they're all here.

First, there are the close-to-home scenes: "High Cliff" by Phil Sealy; "Sailing on Lake Winnebago" by his daughter Pam, also a successful regional artist; "Birnamwood Farm Sunrise" by Mike Austin; "Fox River Paper" by Thomas Mann; "Enterprise Lake Island" by Sealy (sharply defined memory, in melting color, of the Bubolz family summer cottage site); "Winnebago Winter" and "Bridge on the Fox River" by Fawn Shillinglaw; "Covered Bridge—Red Mill, Waupaca" by Dolores Clark; "Wolf River Woods" by Gerhard Miller; "On the Way Back from Madison" by Sealy.

Other titles testify to the devotion of Secura art lovers to the totality of the Badger State, which Gordon served so long as a state senator. The corridors contain "Calm Water—Gill's Rock" by Austin; "A Familiar Wisconsin Scene" by Clark; "Old Sailor, Lake Michigan" by Spencer Rotzel; "Rowing on the Mississippi Near Alma" by Rotzel; "Moravian Spires" by Barbara Rudolph; "Whitefish Bay, Door County" by Phyllis Davidson; and "Milwaukee Depot" and "Wisconsin Patchquilt" by Bill Buxton.

Still others are evocative of concern and affection for the birds, the trees, the animals, the flowers of the homeplace: "The Sugar

Maples," "Peeling Birches," "Roadside Flowers," "Pine Tree Hill," "Winter Sentries," "Forget-me-Nots," "Emerald Autumn" and "Autumn Meadow."

The birds of home are here, all but twittering in their branches: "Canadian Geese," "Orioles," "Daddy Mallard," "Ruffled Grouse" and "Osprey."

"In the corridor just off the executive offices, hangs that often-reproduced Tom Dietrich oil of the venerable Town of Cicero family farm home. Unlike earlier Dietrich work, an interesting portion of which was characterized by a dreamy watercolor medium, this rendering is bold, clean of outline, almost primitive. Artistic license and the requirements of composing on a canvas space moved the weathered red barn closer to the house than generations of the Bubolzes and their neighbors saw it. There is a fruit tree in the yard in a bridal bouquet riot of white bloom; there are dim figures grouped on the porch. The sharply pitched center gable is well-defined; so are the decorative fish scale shingles and the carpenter Gothic trim at the roofline.

In addition to the art collection, Secura building visitors show strong interest in the Wolf River Room. School children of the Fox Cities, busloads of touring seniors, visiting dignitaries and hundreds of casual company visitors have come to this comfortable and occasionally exotic hideaway. More, perhaps, than in any other place in the home offices is the abiding interest and concern for Wisconsin's Native Americans so eloquently expressed. It is a spacious, relaxing space that manages to be easy and commodious. That's what it is; that's what it was specifically designed to be. It has elements of a museum; of a gallery; and perhaps most of all, of a get-away-from-it-all den in a private home, albeit a big one.

There are television sets and stereo systems to tie the place to the busy world of which Secura is a part; but the visitor is more likely to prowl the exhibit cases, to move close to look at the free-hanging pieces. There's no hard-and-fast theme to the room, although its name, "Wolf River Room," testifies to Gordon's long association with the East Central Regional Planning Commission, which evolved from his old Wolf River watershed

planning body. Setting the tone for the whole ambience is the fine mural by Appleton artist Phyllis Davidson.

In addition to its museum-quality Indian artifacts, the room is home, also, to mementoes of the Bubolz family's travels; thus, along with the Indian drums, primitive tools and early American relic milk cans and child's ice skates, replica totems and associated artifacts, there are African tribal shields.

Art is at home throughout the Secura complex—from the lake outside to the atrium, the waterfalls, the entrance sculpture, the corridor walls, in the offices and in the board room. It reflects tradition, respecting the environment in which a family of individuals and a family of businesses flourishes; and showcasing the abiding beauty of the home state which Gordon Bubolz labored to protect, preserve and enhance.

The Dolls

The Secura company's doll collection, the private collection of Amelia Juve Bubolz, is open to the public, weekdays or by appointment to women's clubs, scout troops, schools and senior citizens' organizations. Its museum quality lighting is designed to set off each inanimate but lively-appearing inhabitant. The "doll room" says a lot about Gordon and Amelia Bubolz and the Secura family.

Of her, the wife, the mother, the sturdily humorous, calm and wisely loving, it speaks of creativity, of a lifelong, childlike delight in things that are beautiful. It speaks, too, of the self-discipline which, based on love and interest and taste, is basic to the development of a fine collection.

Of Gordon, it speaks of a pride in the brisk, bright and competent wife who is her own person, who over the years has grabbed time from an extraordinarily demanding life to build a collection that has become a community cultural asset.

The fact that the collection is housed in a sprawling commercial complex and made available to the public for no purpose beyond its enjoyment is further testimony to the Bubolz family and the Secura tradition of sharing with the community.

The Amelia Bubolz doll collection, like the Secura art collection, is carefully categorized

and detailed. Take, for example, the collection of the bisque and china dolls. The current inventory lists some 33 lovelies and/or interesting examples, any one of which makes the doll lover want to reach right through the glass of the case to get to know these exquisite creatures better.

Everybody loves the statuesque 30-inch bisque beauty with her silky blond wig of human hair. Created in Germany at the turn of the century; she is resplendent in a gold satin dress trimmed in old lace (original), a broad-brimmed straw hat, tiny enamel necklace and pearl earrings. She's called "Golden Girl," or, in the family, "Goldie."

Another German-made child doll, some 20 inches tall, has a composition body and an enchanting bisque head with short reddish hair. (How often do you see a red-haired doll?) The brown eyes close in toy-world sleep; the small, round, partly open mouth reveals a little tongue and two teeth. Even the visible insides of the bisque nostrils are tinted a life-like pink; there are appealing chin creases.

One of the most venerable dolls in the cases, Aunt Samantha, who dates from the 1850's, came to Amelia from a Stoughton, Wisconsin paper mache (1858) figure with original body, arms and feet, in very old clothes except for the dress which is forty years old.

Hundreds of little girls, and probably big ones, too, have seen and undoubtedly coveted beautiful Charlotte, who is contemporary with Aunt Samantha. Amelia found her in "a box of mementos in an older home," according to the description in the inventory notes. Charlotte is a molded blonde with inset paper-weight eyes. Her body, arms and legs are new, but she's dressed in luxurious jewel-green taffeta with a pink lace-covered front panel.

Mrs. Bubolz's doll inventory includes a baker's dozen exhibit listed as "special." Prime among them are Martha and George Washington, crafted by "Clearys" of Los Angeles, California and costumed by a Mrs. Barr of Stoughton. They are dressed in replicas of garments worn by the first couple in posed portraits dating from the late 18th century. Martha wears mauve satin with a train glimmering with silver lace; the father of his country is in green velvet tail coat, knee breeches, a white shirt with lace jabot and

white satin vest.

There's a vintage vinyl Charlie Chaplin, circa 1940; a tall 1965 Mary Poppins; an 8-inch Superman who originally sold for \$1.95, made by Kamar in Japan; and a figurine of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in his Oval Office rocking chair, which is provided with a musical movement and dates from 1963, the year of the assassination.

One of Madame Alexander's famous and beloved "personality" dolls is winsome Margaret O'Brian. (Remember the child actress who wept so prettily through a decade of movie roles?) Margaret has blue sleeping eyes, a coppery brown set of braids tied at the sides with floppy pink ribbons; she wears her original blue and white checked little girl dress, which is in perfect condition.

Hobbyists in this country rank doll collecting nearly No. 1 and dozens of dolls in the inventory are identified as "collectibles." Among these are Madame Alexander's four Little Women, along with their Marmee; TV's Monkees puppets, made by Mattel; Donnie and Marie (Osmond) are here, too, along with champion figure skater Dorothy Hamill.

Three very special toys have honored places in the exhibit and in the Bubolz family. They are the personal teddy bears originally owned by Gordon and Amelia's three sons. Allen's dates from 1940; John's from 1943 and Jerry's from 1948. They're in good company, with several original Steiff pieces, including a rabbit and a lion. Dozens of contemporary or forgotten favorites smile from their display stands: the Dionne Quintuplets, Princess Diana, a three-inch pair of painted bisque American Indians in their original box, Queen Elizabeth I, two Mickey Mouses (Mice?) and a seven-inch Raggedy Anne made by the Knickerbocker Toy Company.

For musical theater fans there is a replica of Carol Channing as Dolly of the perennial hit "Hello Dolly," dressed in show-stopper red with poufy platinum hair. She was, of course, inspired by David Merrick's long-running Broadway blockbuster.

They come from all over the world, these Amelia Bubolz dolls, many of them gathered as she and Gordon traveled. German, French and Japanese dolls, along with those from American factories, predictably dominate in

countries of origin.

But there's a wider international spectrum showcased. Look, for example, at the Filipino bride, a Manila young lady with head scarf and orange-printed skirt; a little Dutch boy and girl from Rotterdam; a 10-inch Swiss baby; a Turkish couple in, respectively, long red robe and filmy pink ankle trousers. And there are representatives from Poland, China, Korea, Norway, Italy, Greece, Jamaica, England and Thailand.

There are Cabbage Patch dolls, black-habited small nuns with real copper crucifixes; Star Trek characters; a solid block Kachina doll made by an elderly Indian on the Clam Lake reservation; Pinocchio, John Wayne, W.C. Fields, Marilyn Monroe, Santa Claus and Heidi; Scarlett O'Hara complete with her Rhett; Romeo and Juliet, Little Miss Muffet, Cinderella, Shirley Temple, Tinkerbell, and Pierrot himself.

Recent additions to the collection (1985) include a tiny four- to five-inch doll house doll with a bisque head, purchased on a trip to Vienna, and a splendid 25-inch bisque beauty with brown stationary eyes and feathered eyebrows, dressed in heaven blue with lace-trimmed slip and panties. She's a made-in-Paris Jumeau who came into the Bubolz collection as a gift from Gordon in 1986.

And one of the treasured 1987 additions is a gift from Amelia and Gordon's daughter, Milly and her husband, Walter Rugland. Called "The Egg Lady," she's seven inches high, clad

in tan and blue, and carries a Lilliputian basket of eggs.

Another hobby Amelia has is a collection of antique Valentines. She has many from the Esther Howland productions in Worcester, Massachusetts. Her operation was begun February 5, 1850.

This is Secura, the empire created and nurtured by the Bubolz family. Reflective of Father Julius' ideals, Secura today continues to embody the simple, focused philosophy of its founder: offering the best possible insurance protection for the betterment of humanity . . . honesty . . . training agents and employees to attain the utmost competence . . . furthering the progress of communities while maintaining financial strength and stability.

From the farmhouse kitchen where policies were written at the kitchen table, to the magnificent headquarters in Appleton, Secura grew because the Bubolz family lived and worked by a special version of the Golden Rule—"So conduct yourself so that you will always be welcomed back." Julius, his son Gordon and Gordon's sons have worked hard to assure that the ethics, philosophy and sense of family continue to permeate the company.

Secura is a building, constructed of Wisconsin materials. It is art work reflective of nature. It is a doll collection representing a labor of love. But mostly, it is people—the hundreds of employees and agents who have never forgotten where it all began.

Epilogue

Gordon's Legacy—"Once Upon a Time There Were Three Squirrels . . ."

Gordon Bubolz died on October 12, 1990 following a fall sustained at his Secura office. Up until days before his death, he had been healthy, involved and active in the operations of Secura. Abruptly absent from the lives of his family and associates—Gordon is and will be deeply missed.



Bubolz children, inlaws and grandchildren at Gordon and Amelia's golden anniversary celebration in the atrium of Home Mutual, 1985.

As would be expected, Gordon's many accomplishments were chronicled in numerous obituary notices, feature articles and editorials. Two that captured the essence of the man are quoted in their entirety:

The Legacy of Gordon Bubolz

The following editorial, reprinted with permission, appeared in the October 14, 1990 edition of *The Post Crescent* (Appleton, Wisconsin).

From this vantage point, it is difficult to ascertain where the legacy of Gordon Bubolz will be felt the greatest—in business or in conservation, in politics or as a community leader. But this much is certain: He left nearly indelible marks in all of those areas.

Bubolz died Friday. And while some people will suggest that he was really from another era, another generation, it must be noted that almost until the very end, the 85-year-old Bubolz continued to go to his office in the Secura building which his vision created.

Meanwhile, his accomplishments in the area of conservation are almost too numerous, too significant to list. A nature preserve north of Appleton bears his name, but that cannot possibly do justice to the man who had the sort of impact that Bubolz had in that field.

On the other hand, naming parks and preserves after Gordon Bubolz wouldn't have set well with the man himself. His lifelong interest in conservation was real; it was not just another way of getting his name before the public.

Not that he didn't also do the latter. In the 1940's, he was a very visible member of the Wisconsin Senate, and even in his later years, he was regarded as someone whose advice was sought, whose conservative views were worth heeding.

We note the death of Bubolz with both sadness and appreciation. It always is sad when someone of his stature and accomplishments passes from the scene. But it is impossible not to appreciate the fact that he is survived by more than things built with brick and mortar. He is also survived by ideas and dreams that will outlive us all.

The Winter 1990 Edition of *Naturally Speaking*, the newsletter of the Gordon Bubolz Nature

Preserve, featured the following: *Tribute to Gordon A. Bubolz*, written by Michael J. Brandel, reprinted with permission.

The death of Gordon A. Bubolz, founder of Natural Areas Preservation, Inc., prompted an outpouring of love and respect by many individuals, from many walks of life. After 16 years of working closely with him, I thought I knew the impact Mr. Bubolz had had on this world. Not until the funeral, however, did I come to realize just how widespread his work had been.

Bankers, insurance professionals, lawyers, clergy, politicians, businessmen, environmentalists, and friends joined together to support the family and pay their respects. The Preserve was important to Mr. Bubolz, and now I understand how it was but one part of his very busy life.

Mr. Bubolz had a vision in the 1950's: he was determined to fill a void in Wisconsin's land preservation efforts. While serving in the Wisconsin Senate, he learned a great deal from helping to preserve High Cliff State Park. Mr. Bubolz applied that vision and knowledge, along with a ton of hard work, to leave a legacy. He preserved an additional eight areas, totalling more than 3000 acres, for public use: Woodland Dunes Nature Center, Hobbs Woods, Waukau Creek County Park, Mount Morris Hills, Hayman Falls, Mosquito Hill Nature Center, Fallen Timbers Nature Center, and the Gordon Bubolz Nature Preserve.

Some feel his name on the Preserve is his legacy. Others point out that the drive and motivation of people like Gordon Bubolz come from a far different source.

Gordon Bubolz's deep-seated belief in God inspired him to help people. He made mistakes of the mind, but never of the heart. Whether it was preserving lands, working with the Menominee Indians, or sponsoring church activities, he worked very hard for the betterment of mankind. Mr. Bubolz understood that God had given him much, and worked all his life to repay Him. It is a belief this world could use more of and its that belief which I feel will become Gordon Bubolz's greatest legacy.

If his ideas, land preservation and dreams are his legacy, even more so is their embodiment. Gordon's spirit lives on in his wife, Amelia, their children, Allen, Milly, John and Jerry, and most especially in their grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Although contacted individually to report a "Grandfather memory," so many of Gordon's grandchildren wistfully referred to a very special story that he had told over and over and over again—to his children and his children's children. "Once upon a time," he would begin, "there were three squirrels, and they lived happily ever after."

*Once upon a time there was a story,
Grandpa B.'s story about three squirrels.*

*Although this simple story
was only two lines long,*

It was always his grandchildren's favorite.

*With warmth, affection, and admiration,
Gordon's grandchildren share their
memories of Grandpa B.*

Grandpa B., the Storyteller

One of my favorite and treasured memories of my grandfather is of him telling me a certain story every time I came to Appleton for a visit. Considering his love of nature and knowing I shared his love, the story was about *The Three Squirrels*. Now this story may not have been the longest or most told story, but it was one we both shared and enjoyed together. And every time I heard Grandpa B. say, "Did you hear the story about the three squirrels?" I would just smile and say, "Nope!" although we both knew I had. Then Grandpa would tell the best story any kid or grownup could ever hear. **Emilie**

* * *

I remember happily sitting on Grandpa's lap as he told the story about the three squirrels. **Zay**

* * *

When I was a little girl, my cousins and I would ask Grandpa how he met Grandma, expecting a beautiful love story. Grandpa would say, "Once upon a time there were three

squirrels . . ." I did not understand at the time, but I was sure he swept Grandma off her feet. **Brenda**

* * *

He used to tell me how lucky he was to have gotten Grandma, and told me how they met in church and other stories of how they met. He told me the three squirrel story, too. **Gordy**

* * *

Special Memories of Grandpa B.

One memory that comes to mind is of him spending an evening in our living room, when my brother Gordy was just months old. Baby Gordon had had his shots that day and was so distressed. Grandpa B. walked the floor with him all evening long. **Karen**

* * *

Grandpa was a very warm and gentle man. I remember when my mother and Allen were first married, Grandfather came over to the house with a surprise for us children. With three children on Allen's side and three children on my mother's side we had some adjusting. Grandfather's surprise was airline tickets for all six children to Florida. The trip brought us together and made us a much closer family. **Kitsy (Katharine)**

* * *

One of the most fun memories I have of Gordon is when we were visiting their home in Singer Island, Florida. I talked Gordon into taking me to the Greyhound races. We were so lucky the first night that we were right back there when it opened the next night. But our so-called system didn't work so well that night. **William**

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In the winter when Grandma stayed down in Florida, Grandpa would come to Appleton for meetings. He often came to our house for supper. He always saw to it we got a lot of grapefruit and oranges. I remember him watching the news a lot on TV. He was interested in

what was going on.

One Christmas, when I was seven, I wanted this big, black Radio Shack remote control car. Dad thought it was too expensive and I was too young. I got it from Grandpa and Grandma for Christmas. **Gordy**

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One memory I especially cherish is recent: Thanksgiving 1989, the last time I saw him. It was a beautiful clear Sunday and he was driving several "shifts" to the airport. That morning I'd had breakfast with him—I can see him sitting near the window at the table with his newspaper—the TV on. The room was full of bright sunlight and the sunlight felt like part of Grandpa's presence. He tried to feed me—"there's some peanut butter here, have some toast and orange juice . . . get a glass and have some orange juice." I always loved having breakfast with Grandpa.

I didn't see him much the rest of the day until it was time to go to the airport. It was sunny and the fields were gold and brown. Watching the sun sift through the cornstalks, the tall dry grass as we drove to the airport, I felt how much nature meant to Grandpa and why he loved it. I was so proud of him and felt this love for those fields, the earth, was part of me because of him. At the airport, after he stopped the car to drop me off, Grandpa got out of the car with his cane. He was wearing his Norwegian sweater and smiling warmly, beautifully. It was windy. As I hugged him goodbye he started to speak—he had something he wanted to tell me: "You know, some of us have a vision of the way the world could be, and we feel it isn't always such a good place. But people get mad at you when you say you don't like the way things are, that they can be better. But some of us have the courage to say we know things can be better. That's why I'm so proud of you, because you're working to bring your vision to the world, to make it better. Keep working hard at it." Every time I remember this I get teary, because it reminds me of how even though I lived so far from Grandpa and didn't see him regularly, he understood what was important to me and he wanted me to know that and let me know he believed in me. I always feel him when I see

the sun on the fields (or here in the city, on a lot of grass) and I remember that day. I always will. **Amy**

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Grandpa B., a man to admire

Tribute to Grandpa: To a great human being with lots of personality and humor of which he shared with others. **Emilie**

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What I remember and admire most about Grandpa is not as much his accomplishments, but his attitude toward life. He really enjoyed life, and lived with a thankful, cheerful heart always striving to be a greater source to humanity. His goal wasn't to live for himself, it was to live the kind of life God would have wanted him to live. His life stands as an example to be respected even today. In a world where "looking out for #1" has become more and more the norm, Grandpa was not afraid to go against the grain. He definitely "fought the good fight, finished the race and kept the faith!" I am thankful for Grandpa, for the person he was, and will always cherish my memory of him! **Kristen**

* * *

He would tell me to be a good boy and that my Dad never did anything wrong when he was a boy and that's how I should be. He seemed to always be in a good mood and didn't let things bother him a whole lot.

I remember his smile, that certain look he would get on his face, it was friendly. He would always let me play with his cane. **Gordy**

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Grandpa B. was a great lover of life. Through his interest and work with church and family/environment and nature I learned a lot about the real meaning of life and my life has been enriched by his example. **Karen**

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As a small boy I can remember hearing

conversations throughout our home about this great man named Gordon Bubolz. Never at this time did I think that I would ever get to know Gordon, let alone have my widowed mother marry his son, G. Allen Bubolz.

Gordon Bubolz was one of the most respected persons I have ever known. He never worried about his own personal happiness. His thoughts were only for the happiness of others, and the good of Secura Insurance Company.

Gordon's accomplishments for Wisconsin are countless. It is a shame he could not have lived forever. We will all miss him very much.
William

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At the Campground with Grandpa B.

I must thank my father for always encouraging my relationship with my Grandpa, and my Grandpa for encouraging me and believing in me. I spent the summers with Grandma & Grandpa working for him at Jellystone Park Camp-Resort in Fremont. He always trusted me. He would bring me a sandwich and a milkshake from the Charcoal Inn Restaurant and in the mornings he would make coffee and go to the bakery for fresh rolls and coffeecake. He was the best grandpa in the whole world. **Brenda**

* * *

I remember Grandpa at Yogi Bear driving around in his Cadillac, talking to people. He

named the nature trail for me and he always saw to it I got free ice cream cones and free games of mini golf. **Gordy**

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In 1976, when I began working at the Jellystone Park Camp-Resort that my grandfather owned, only about five of the 100-some non-lakeside campsites were shaded with large trees. Those sites were always the first to go since campers often requested sites with shade. Every year Grandpa B. planted more trees. He planted so many that employees sometimes joked about what a large part of the annual budget *trees* occupied. The campers got to know Grampa, too, and his love for natural beauty, since he himself, at more than 70 years old, often would go around and prune the trees and make sure they were all well cared for.

When I go through the park today and see every campsite shaded with beautiful trees, I remember what a great man Grampa was. He truly wanted to make the world a better, more beautiful place for people to live, and he did that. My grandfather has passed away, but the tremendous gift of natural beauty he has given to future generations will live on forever.

Linda

* * *

Several years ago a visitor asked a summer seasonal camper where he could find the camp owner. He was told, "Drive around the park and if you see an elderly, white-haired man standing on the top of his Cadillac trimming trees, that's him."

—A favorite weekend chore.—

Grandpa's Flannel Shirt

I am wearing his shirt.
It's warm, and soft and roomy.
It is cozy.

It's blue. Some might say navy, but I say
It's the color of a summer's midnight sky. He'd probably agree with me.

A magical green checks the shirt.
A soft jade, it blends the colors of the forest
And the colors of the ocean into one hue.

Tiny white stripes of winter line the forests,
And yellow streaks of a tropical sun sit
on the horizon of the sea.

It's warm and soft.

Although it probably didn't touch his skin—
or all of it, anyway.
He wore undershirts, Hanes sleeveless tanks,
With ribs that accentuated the curves of his belly.
It probably caressed his arms, his neck, his shoulders.
This echoing shirt that I now wear once
rested on his shoulders.

There's goo by one of the buttons, I noticed.
Like dried frosting from some "Sentry's Quality Baked Goods"
That he rubbed against his chest.
Or maybe he missed his mouth—
He was getting old, you know.

I see him wearing it over his tanks,
Below his vest of periwinkle
And green that Boo gave him for Christmas.
It mirrors the water and trees.

He walks in the woods, on the pine-needle path.
Roots protrude but his feet never stumble.
He strolls on the sidewalk, around the drive by the Fox.
Singing to him, the birds call out hello.
Wild flowers, milkweed, the rushing prairie river and
The sun. Beats, gently, on his head.

The sun. Causes sweat to bead on his forehead.
His buttoned shirt spots wet under his arms,
On his back, by his belly.
Shortness of breath, a gasp, a dig
Into the earth by his cane.

A bench. Aah, a bench.
 Sitting now, in the sultry sun
 By the sand and the abandoned hotel.
 "I will walk you to the beach."
 Fifteen minutes later, spots dried, breath anew,
 He leaves;
 I watch him hobble the boardwalk.

 His shirt waves to me in the wind.

Zay Rugland

13 Sept. 1991

It is apparent that Gordon's grandchildren, share his love of family, his interest in people and the community, his desire to excel and his concern for the environment. The new Bubolz generation emerges—Gordon's finest legacy.



Gordon and Michael Ashida, our first great-grandchild. August, 1990, at the Partridge Lake Cottage.

About the Author

GORDON A. BUBOLZ

I met Gordon A. Bubolz in the spring of 1990 at an Appleton, Wisconsin restaurant. Chuck Spanbauer of Palmer Publications had arranged the meeting so that Gordon, his son Allen, my partner and I could discuss the editing and production of Gordon's manuscript. I was struck by the courtliness of the man. A witty 85 years old, Gordon's eyes twinkled as he talked. His steps were slow and faltering, and his dependence upon a cane appeared a mild annoyance.

His mind, however, sifted carefully through the years to discuss important events, people, accomplishments. He chronicled modestly and matter-of-factly the many pieces of his life that had affected change.

Never one-dimensional, Gordon's life was testimony to the importance of balance. He could have stayed in his corporate tower and ignored his surroundings. Rather, Gordon served his state politically, taking on the enormous challenge of environmental issues.

In the few years before his death, Gordon worked painstakingly at writing down his life story. When we met to discuss his work, we decided that we would edit his essays as individual pieces rather than as one cohesive unit. He liked that idea. To actually pull together a chronologically accurate book would have taken enormous amounts of Gordon's time and attention.

Mary Ellen Ducklow, Appleton native, longtime newspaper reporter, writer and reviewer, magazine freelancer, and ghostwriter of the late eminent Appleton surgeon Dr. Victor Marshall's autobiography, is a former faculty member in journalism and English composition at the University of Wisconsin Center-Fox Valley. Commissioned several years ago by Gordon, Chairman of the Board of the Secura organization, to write a book based on his autobiography, Ms. Ducklow compiled and delivered that manuscript in May of 1990. Parts of that book have been incorporated into this volume.

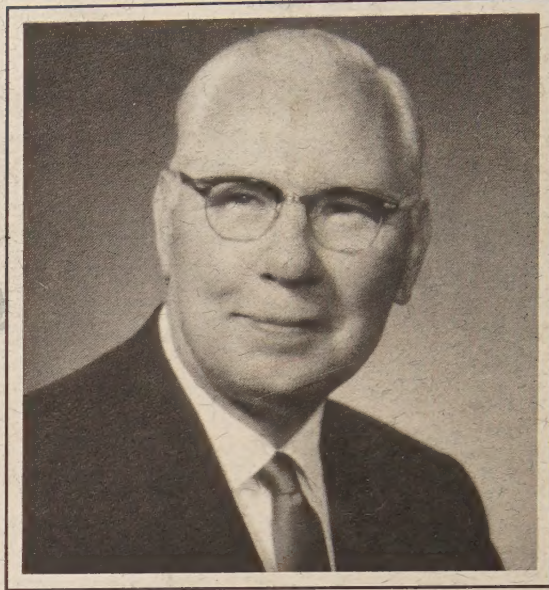
The publication of this manuscript has been a labor of love on the part of Gordon's widow Amelia. After his death, Amelia pondered the project for several months before saying determinedly: "Gordon wanted to do this so it should be done."

The last thing Gordon Bubolz said to me was, "Do you know Mrs. Bubolz?"

"No," I said. "I've never had the privilege."

"Well," he said, "you must. She's definitely worth knowing!"

An incredible amount of love flowed between Gordon and Amelia. It was evident to their family, to the people who knew them well and evident to passing strangers. What's even more beautiful is that now that I have met Amelia, I can attest to the fact that Amelia is still very much in love with Gordon.



1905 - 1990

—Editor's Note